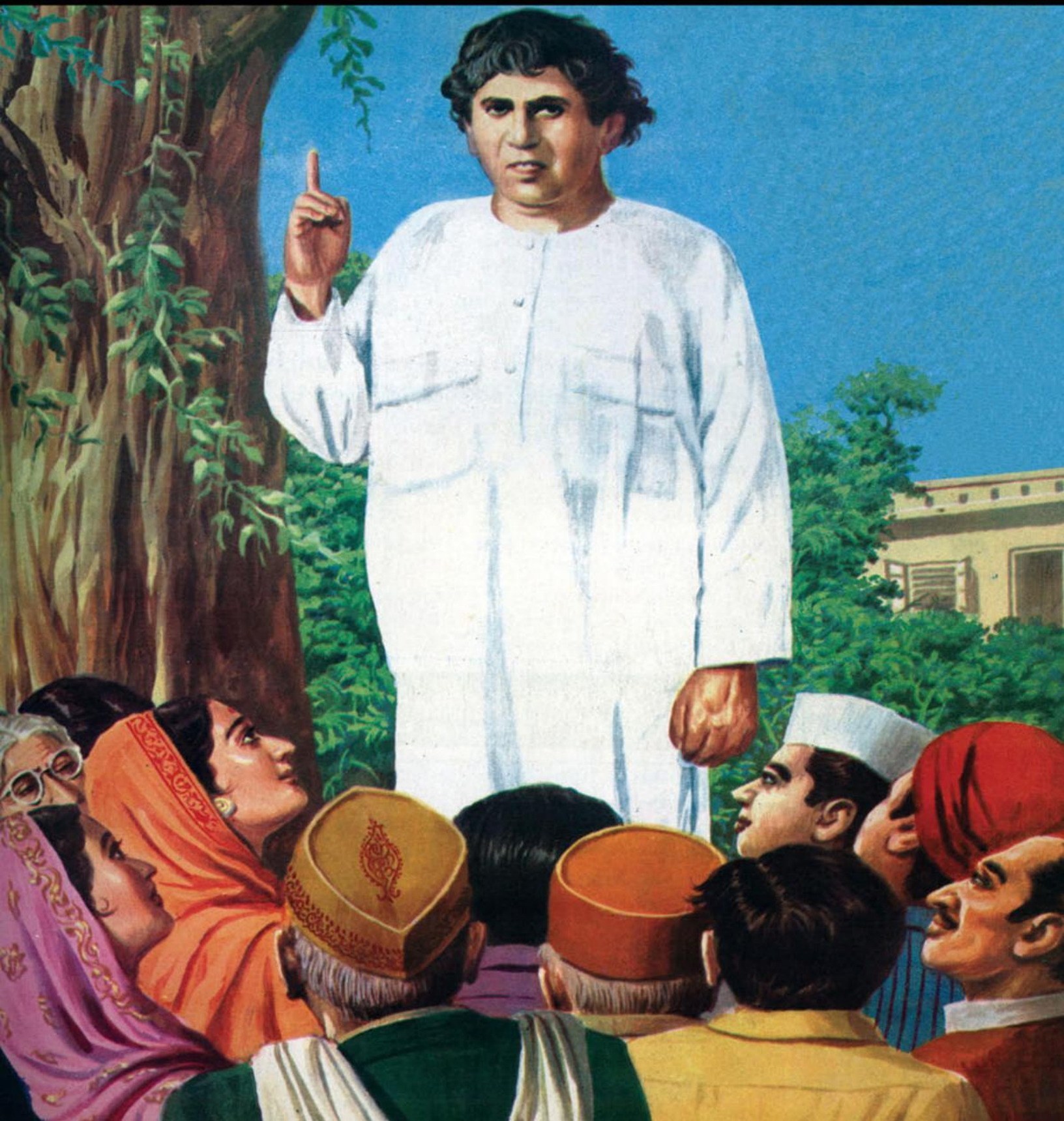
AMAR CHITRA KATHA

SADHU VASWANI

SAGE OF MODERN INDIA

Vol.DG458

www.amarchitrakatha.com



The route to your roots

When they look back at their formative years, many Indians nostalgically recall the vital part Amar Chitra Katha picture books have played in their lives. It was **ACK – Amar Chitra Katha** – that first gave them a glimpse of their glorious heritage.

Since they were introduced in 1967, there are now **over 400 Amar Chitra Katha** titles to choose from. **Over 90 million copies** have been sold worldwide.

Now the Amar Chitra Katha titles are even more widely available in **1000+ bookstores all across India**. Log on to www.ack-media.com to locate a bookstore near you. If you do not have access to a bookstore, you can buy all the titles through our online store **www.amarchitrakatha.com**. We provide quick delivery anywhere in the world.

To make it easy for you to locate the titles of your choice from our treasure trove of titles, the books are now arranged in five categories.

Epics and Mythology
Best known stories from the Epics and the Puranas

Indian Classics
Enchanting tales from Indian literature

Fables and Humour
Evergreen folktales, legends and tales of wisdom and humour

Bravehearts
Stirring tales of brave men and women of India

Visionaries
Inspiring tales of thinkers, social reformers and nation builders

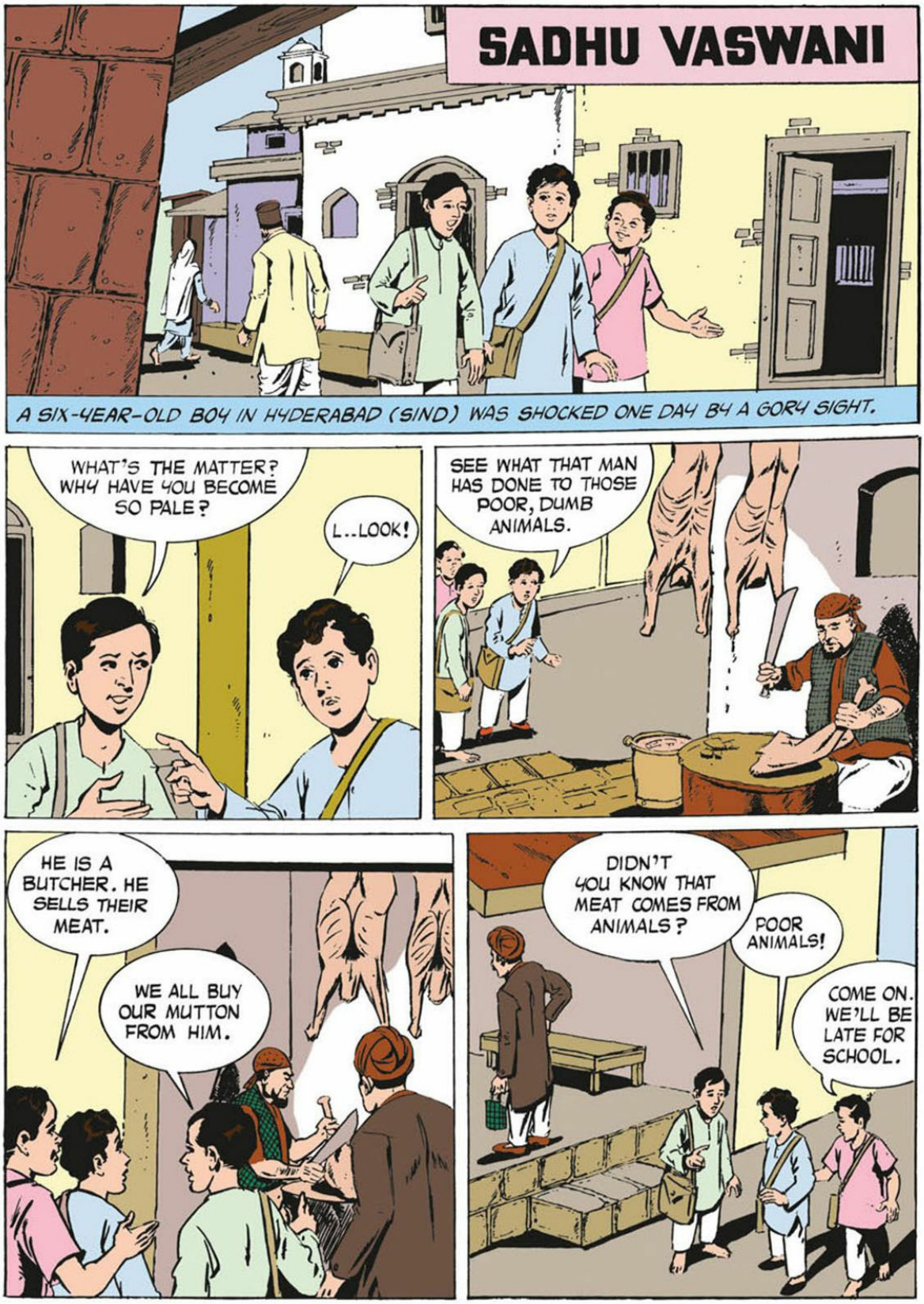
Contemporary Classic
The Best of Modern Indian literature

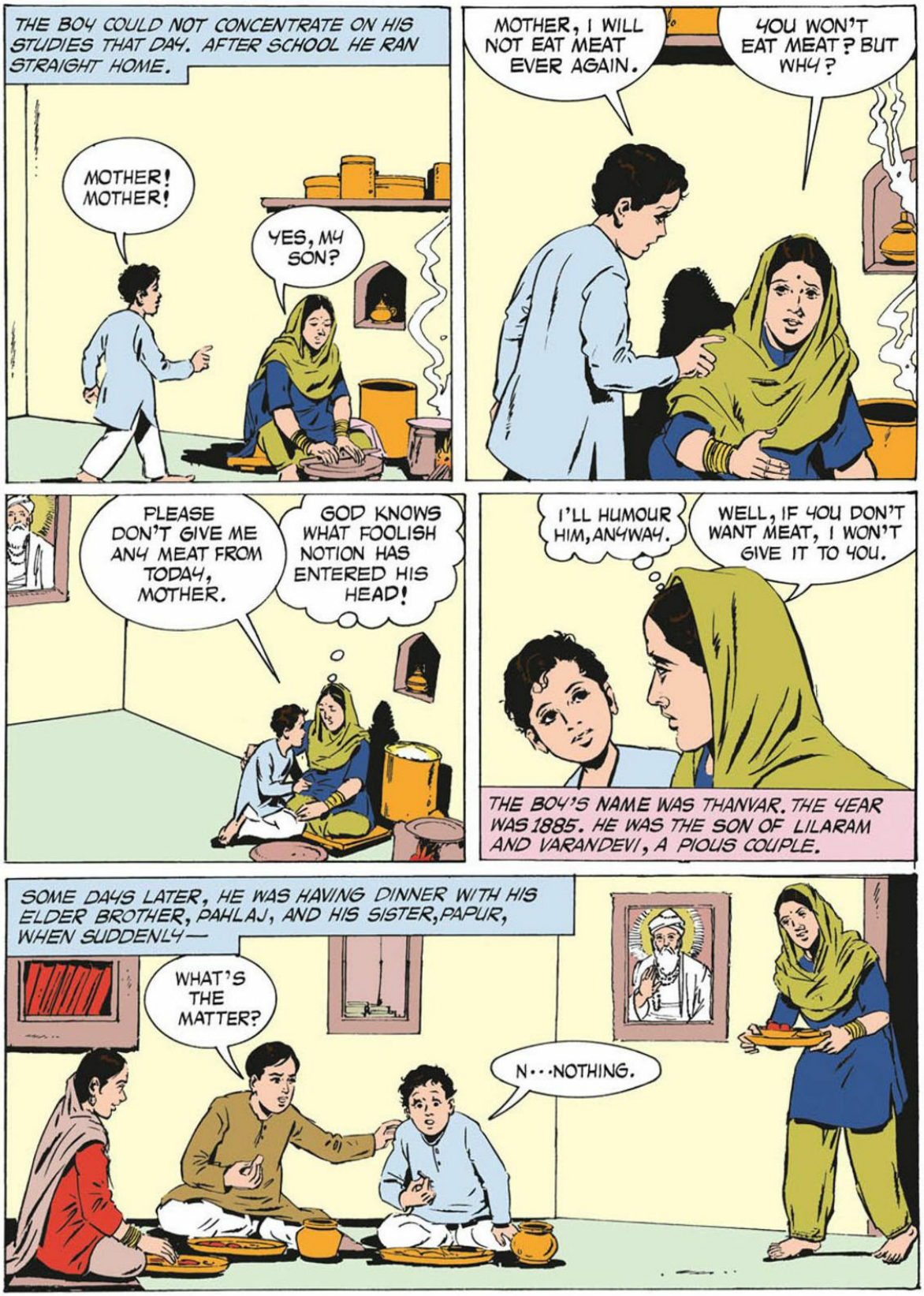
Script
Hari P. Vaswani

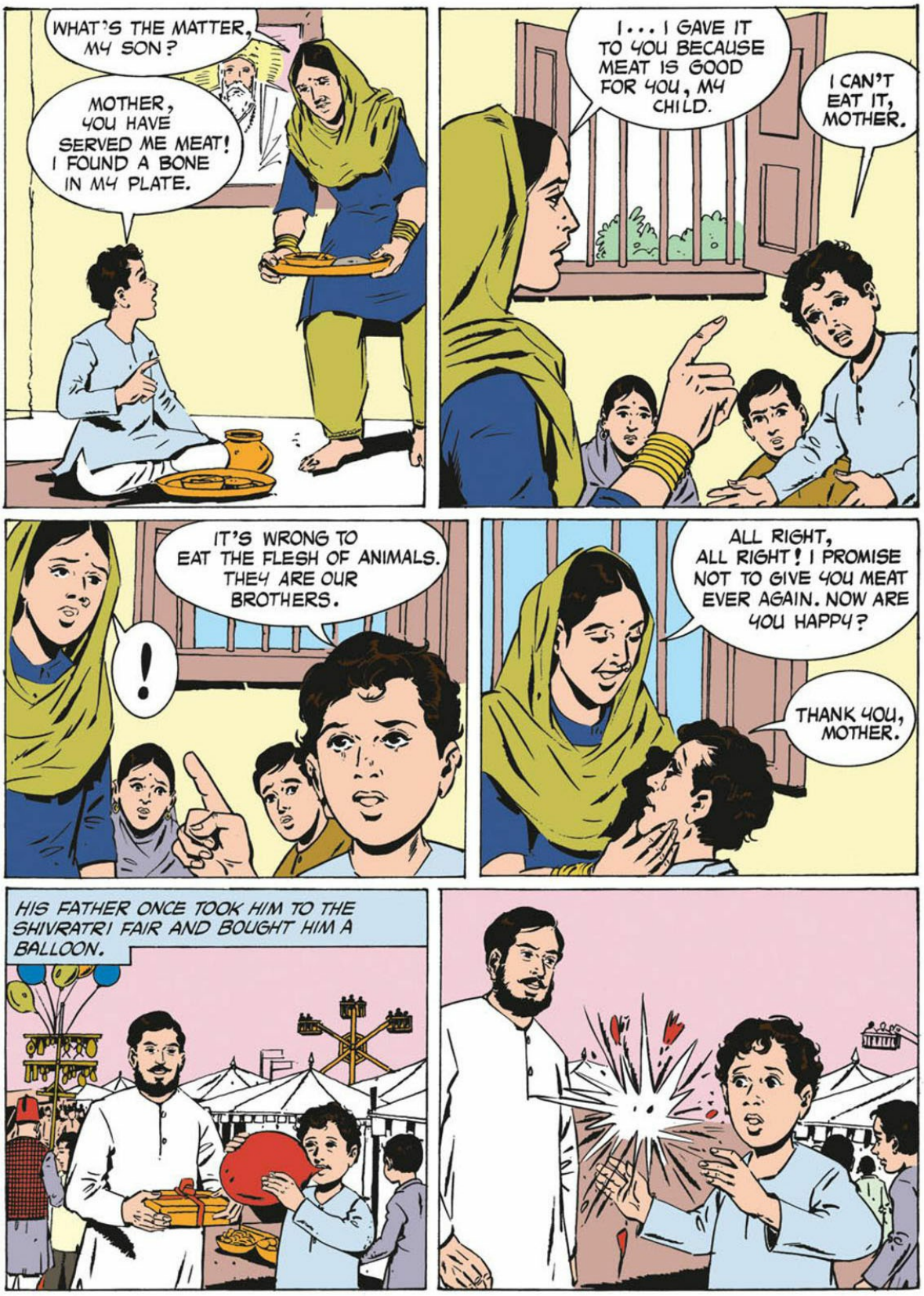
Illustrations
Dilip Kadam

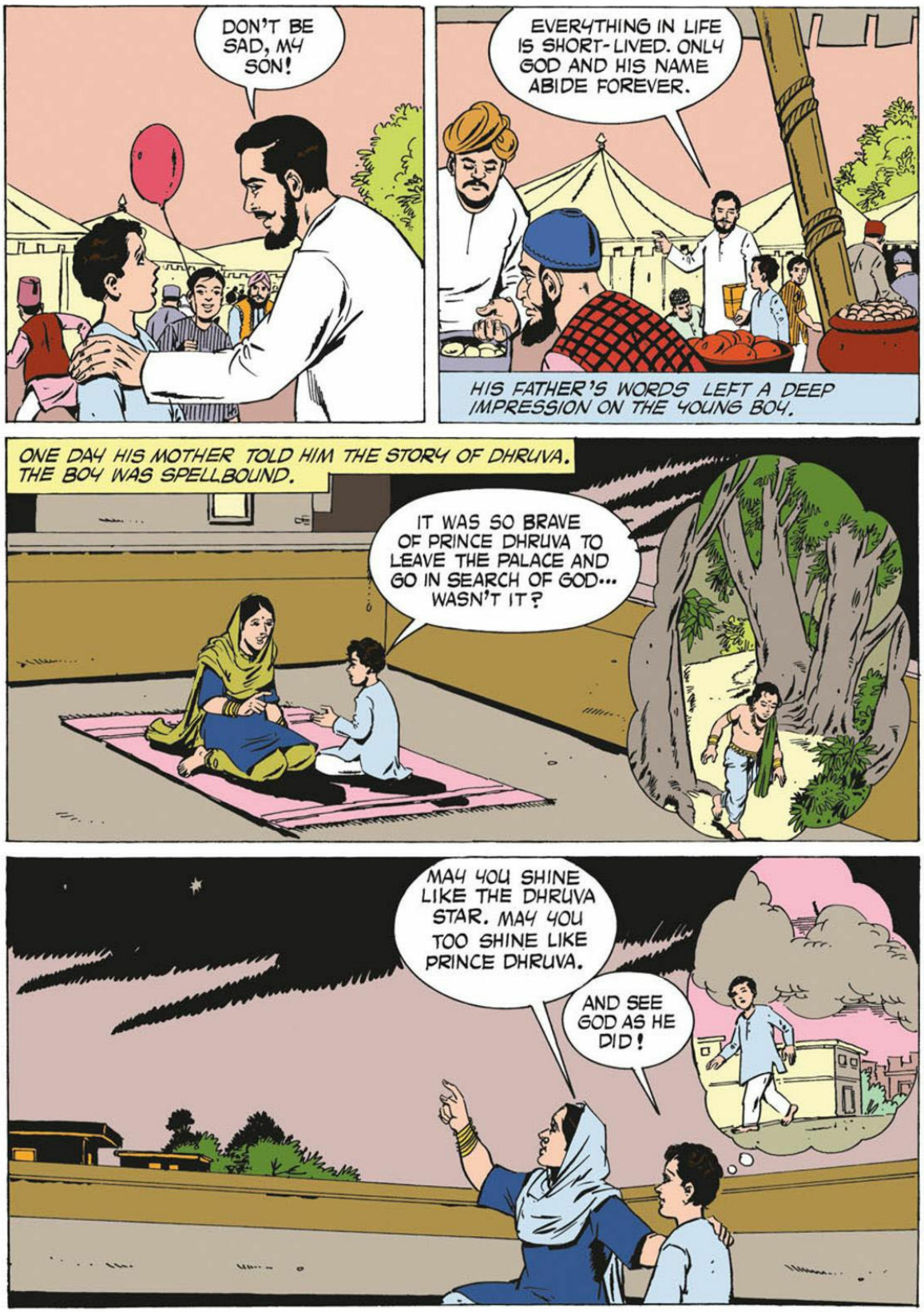
Editor
Anant Pai

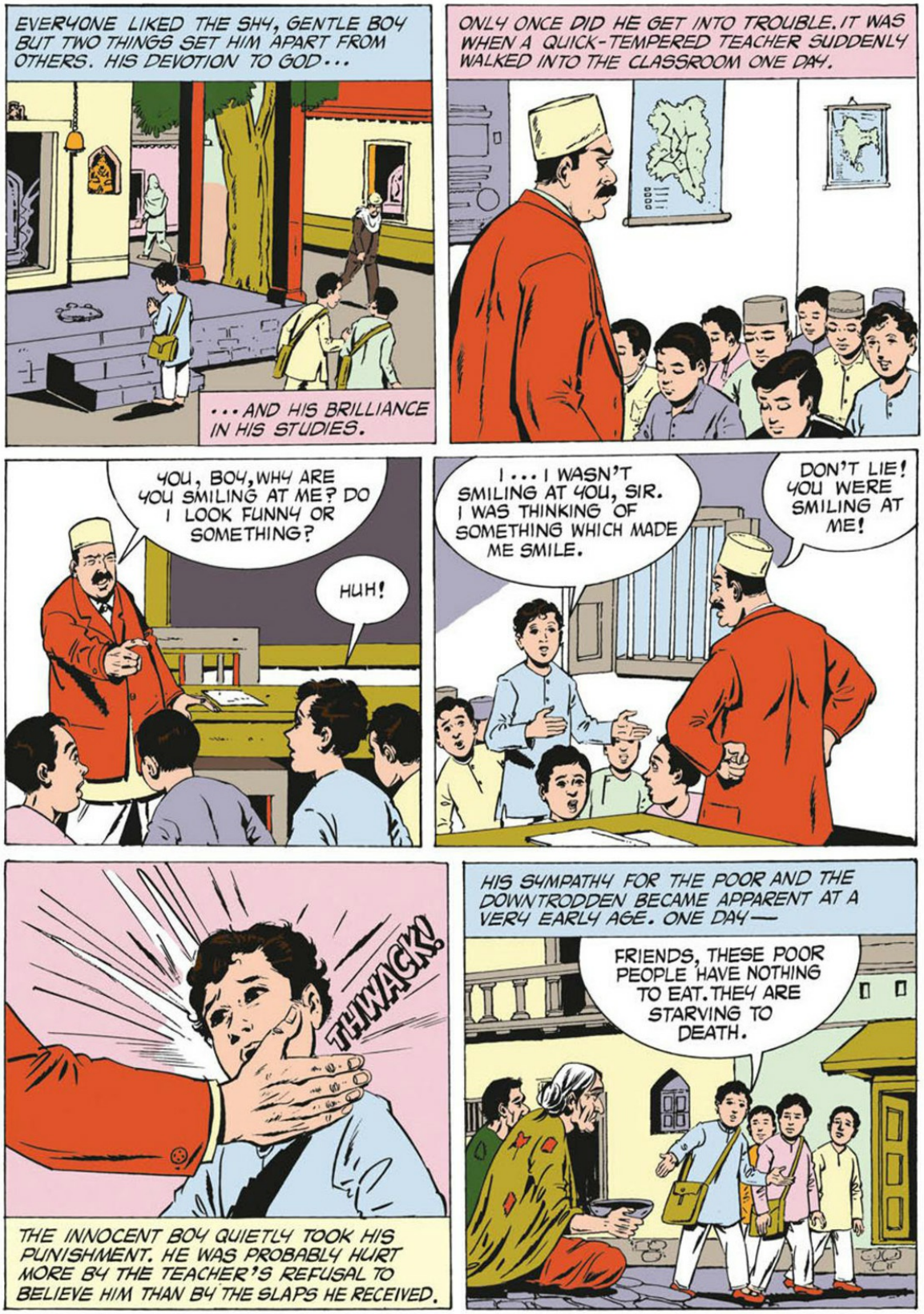
Amar Chitra Katha Pvt Ltd
© Amar Chitra Katha Pvt Ltd, ISBN 978-93-5085-083-1
Published & Printed by Amar Chitra Katha Pvt. Ltd., Krishna House, 3rd Floor, Raghuvanshi Mill Compound, S.B.Marg, Lower Parel (W), Mumbai- 400 013. India
For Consumer Complaints Contact Tel : +91-22 40497436
Email: customerservice@ack-media.com

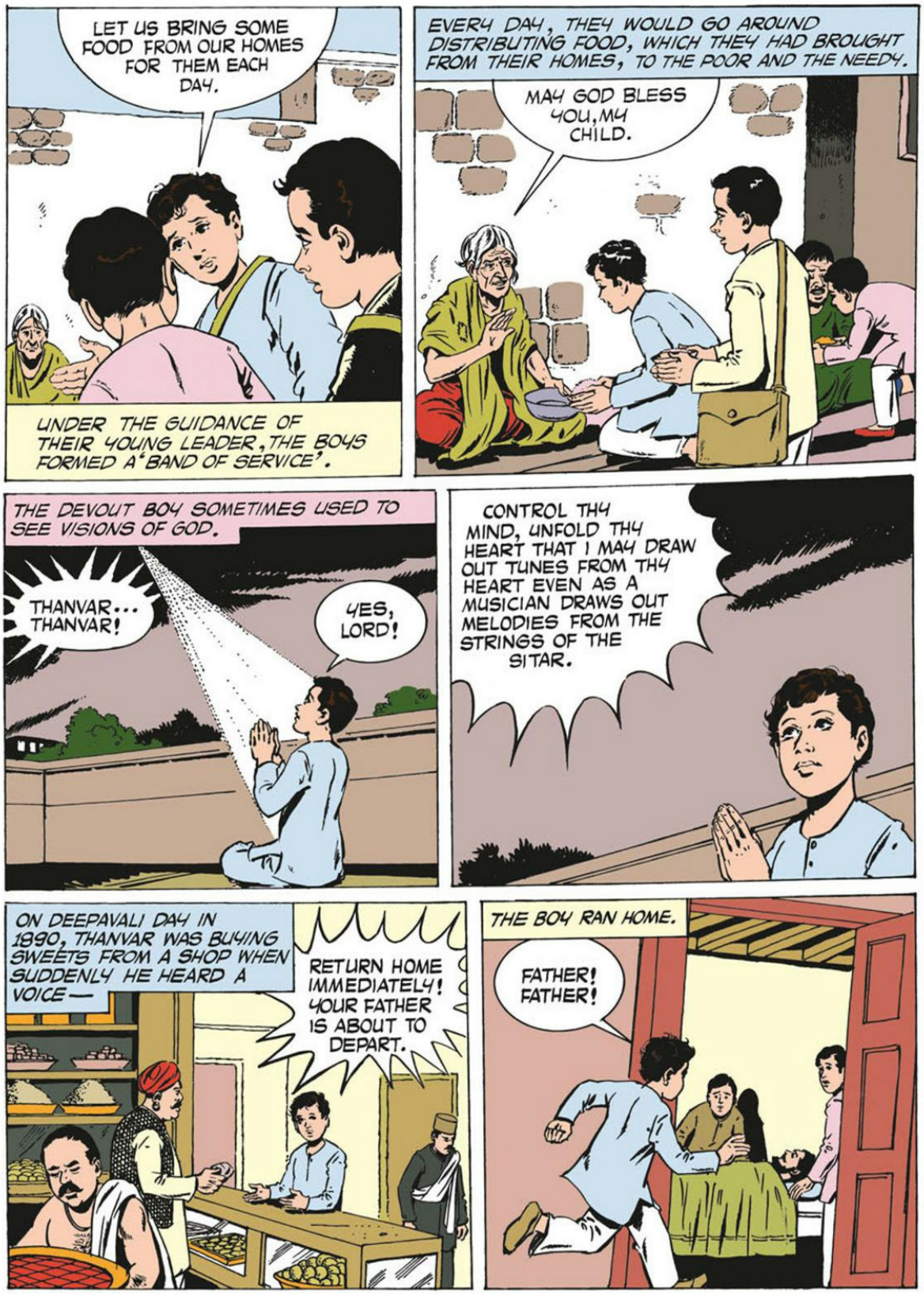

SADHU VASWANI
A SIX-YEAR-OLD BOY IN HYDERABAD (SIND) WAS SHOCKED ONE DAY BY A GORY SIGHT.
WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHY HAVE YOU BECOME SO PALE?
L..LOOK!
SEE WHAT THAT MAN HAS DONE TO THOSE POOR, DUMB ANIMALS.
HE IS A BUTCHER. HE SELLS THEIR MEAT.
WE ALL BUY OUR MUTTON FROM HIM.
DIDN'T YOU KNOW THAT MEAT COMES FROM ANIMALS?
POOR ANIMALS!
COME ON. WE'LL BE LATE FOR SCHOOL.

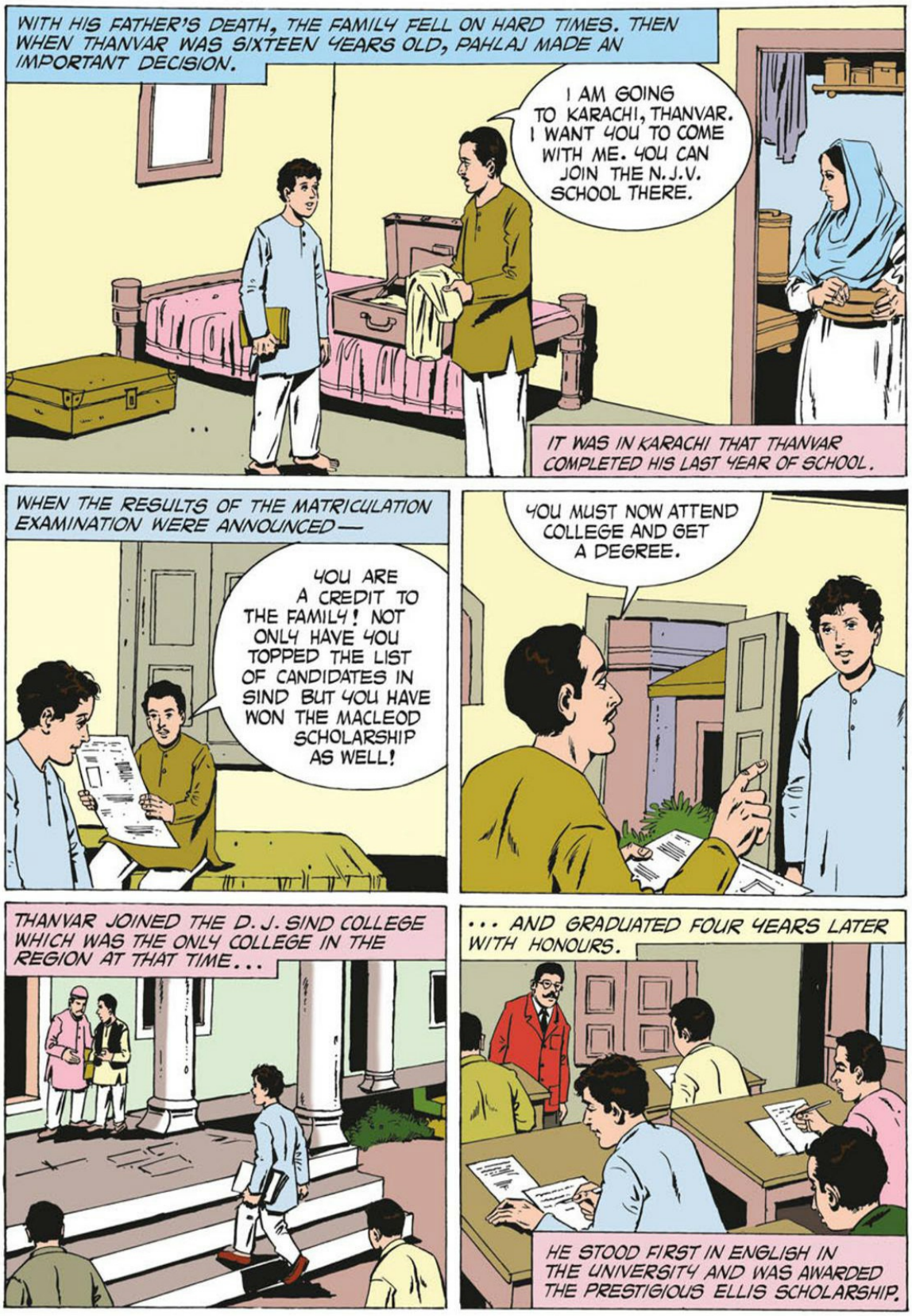

THE BOY COULD NOT CONCENTRATE ON HIS STUDIES THAT DAY. AFTER SCHOOL HE RAN STRAIGHT HOME.
MOTHER! MOTHER!
YES, MY SON?
MOTHER, I WILL NOT EAT MEAT EVER AGAIN.
YOU WON'T EAT MEAT? BUT WHY?
PLEASE DON'T GIVE ME ANY MEAT FROM TODAY, MOTHER.
GOD KNOWS WHAT FOOLISH NOTION HAS ENTERED HIS HEAD!
I'LL HUMOUR HIM, ANYWAY.
WELL, IF YOU DON'T WANT MEAT, I WON'T GIVE IT TO YOU.
THE BOY'S NAME WAS THANVAR. THE YEAR WAS 1885. HE WAS THE SON OF LILARAM AND VARANDEVI, A PIOUS COUPLE.
SOME DAYS LATER, HE WAS HAVING DINNER WITH HIS ELDER BROTHER, PAHLAJ, AND HIS SISTER, PAPUR, WHEN SUDDENLY—
WHAT'S THE MATTER?
N···NOTHING.

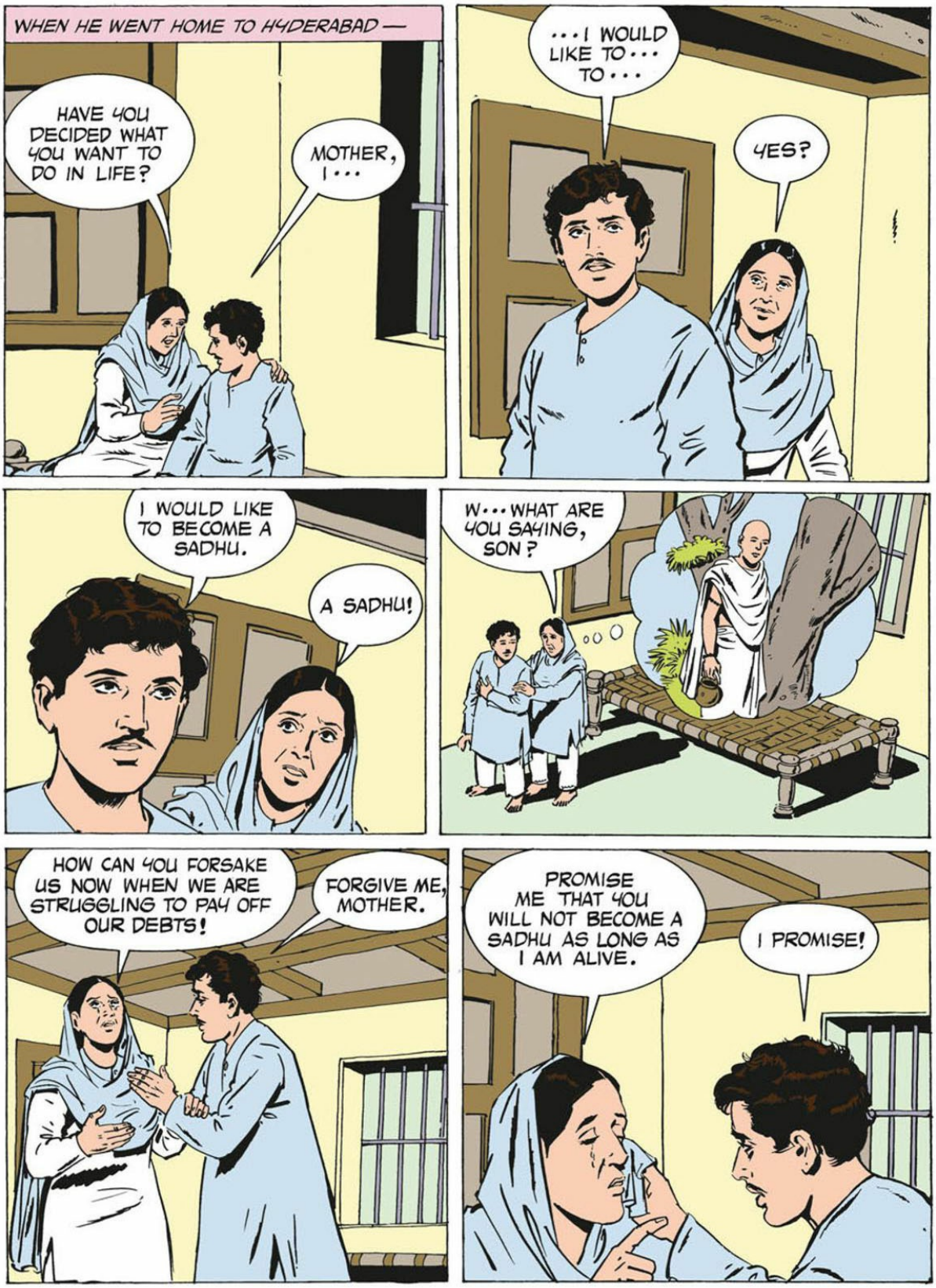

WHAT'S THE MATTER, MY SON?
MOTHER, YOU HAVE SERVED ME MEAT! I FOUND A BONE IN MY PLATE.
I... I GAVE IT TO YOU BECAUSE MEAT IS GOOD FOR YOU, MY CHILD.
I CAN'T EAT IT, MOTHER.
!
IT'S WRONG TO EAT THE FLESH OF ANIMALS. THEY ARE OUR BROTHERS.
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT! I PROMISE NOT TO GIVE YOU MEAT EVER AGAIN. NOW ARE YOU HAPPY?
THANK YOU, MOTHER.
HIS FATHER ONCE TOOK HIM TO THE SHIVRATRI FAIR AND BOUGHT HIM A BALLOON.


DON'T BE SAD, MY SON!
EVERYTHING IN LIFE IS SHORT-LIVED. ONLY GOD AND HIS NAME ABIDE FOREVER.
HIS FATHER'S WORDS LEFT A DEEP IMPRESSION ON THE YOUNG BOY.
ONE DAY HIS MOTHER TOLD HIM THE STORY OF DHRUVA. THE BOY WAS SPELLBOUND.
IT WAS SO BRAVE OF PRINCE DHRUVA TO LEAVE THE PALACE AND GO IN SEARCH OF GOD... WASN'T IT?
MAY YOU SHINE LIKE THE DHRUVA STAR. MAY YOU TOO SHINE LIKE PRINCE DHRUVA.
AND SEE GOD AS HE DID!

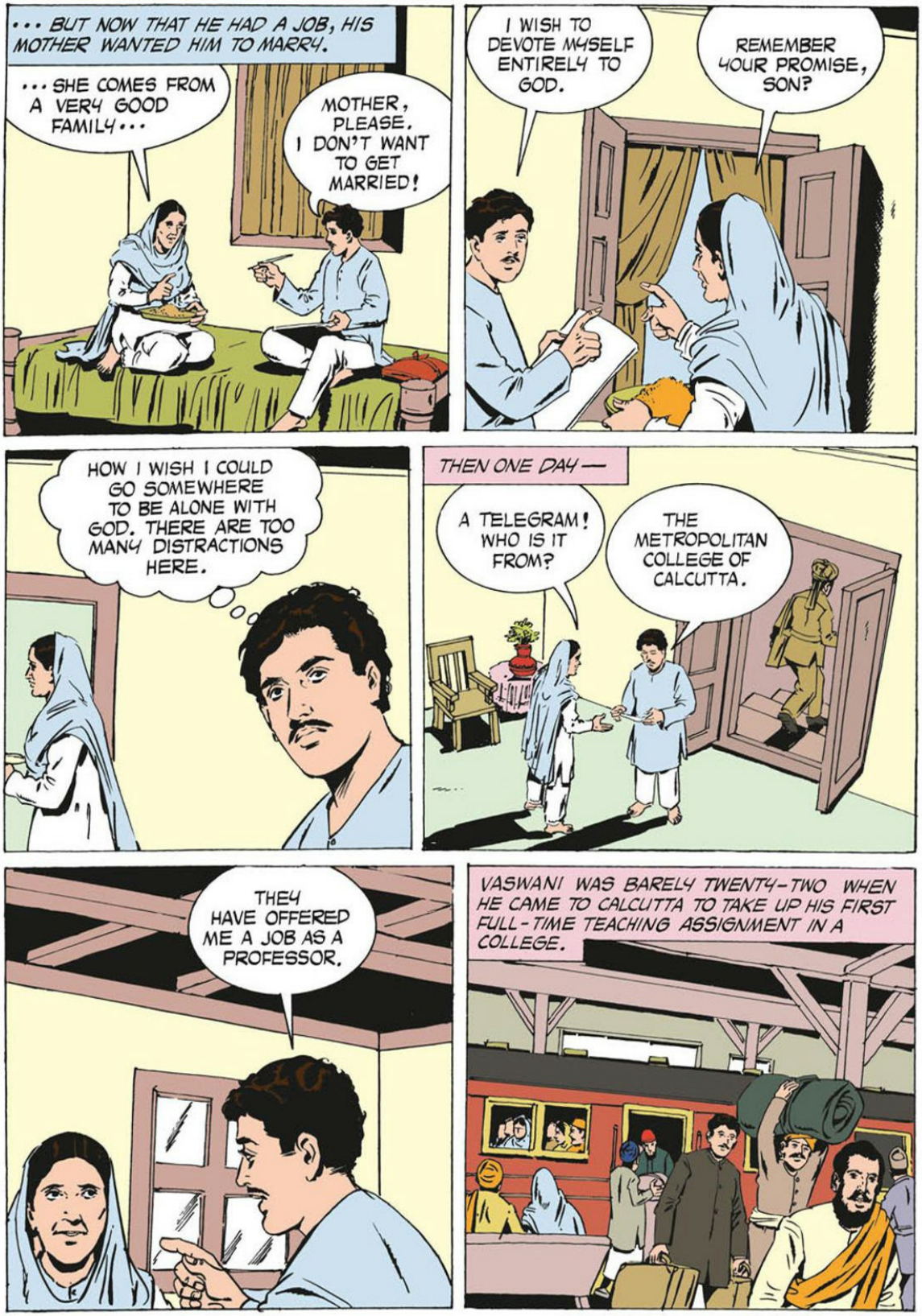

EVERYONE LIKED THE SHY, GENTLE BOY BUT TWO THINGS SET HIM APART FROM OTHERS. HIS DEVOTION TO GOD...
...AND HIS BRILLIANCE IN HIS STUDIES.
ONLY ONCE DID HE GET INTO TROUBLE. IT WAS WHEN A QUICK-TEMPERED TEACHER SUDDENLY WALKED INTO THE CLASSROOM ONE DAY.
YOU, BOY, WHY ARE YOU SMILING AT ME? DO I LOOK FUNNY OR SOMETHING?
HUH!
I... I WASN'T SMILING AT YOU, SIR. I WAS THINKING OF SOMETHING WHICH MADE ME SMILE.
DON'T LIE! YOU WERE SMILING AT ME!
THWACK!
THE INNOCENT BOY QUIETLY TOOK HIS PUNISHMENT. HE WAS PROBABLY HURT MORE BY THE TEACHER'S REFUSAL TO BELIEVE HIM THAN BY THE SLAPS HE RECEIVED.
HIS SYMPATHY FOR THE POOR AND THE DOWNTRODDEN BECAME APPARENT AT A VERY EARLY AGE. ONE DAY—
FRIENDS, THESE POOR PEOPLE HAVE NOTHING TO EAT. THEY ARE STARVING TO DEATH.

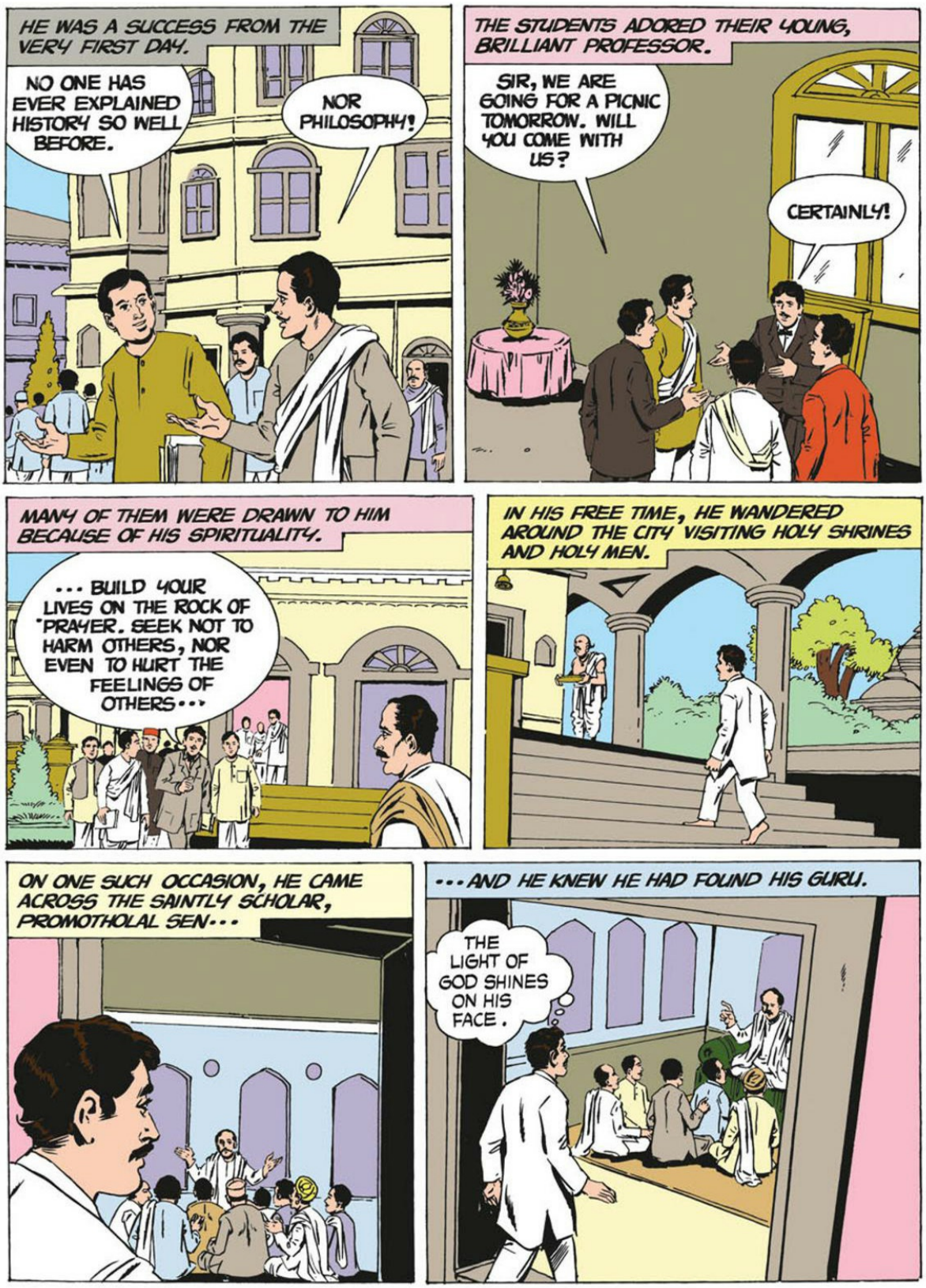

LET US BRING SOME FOOD FROM OUR HOMES FOR THEM EACH DAY.
UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF THEIR YOUNG LEADER, THE BOYS FORMED A 'BAND OF SERVICE'.
EVERY DAY, THEY WOULD GO AROUND DISTRIBUTING FOOD, WHICH THEY HAD BROUGHT FROM THEIR HOMES, TO THE POOR AND THE NEEDY.
MAY GOD BLESS YOU, MY CHILD.
THE DEVOUT BOY SOMETIMES USED TO SEE VISIONS OF GOD.
THANVAR... THANVAR!
YES, LORD!
CONTROL THY MIND, UNFOLD THY HEART THAT I MAY DRAW OUT TUNES FROM THY HEART EVEN AS A MUSICIAN DRAWS OUT MELODIES FROM THE STRINGS OF THE SITAR.
ON DEEPAVALI DAY IN 1890, THANVAR WAS BUYING SWEETS FROM A SHOP WHEN SUDDENLY HE HEARD A VOICE —
RETURN HOME IMMEDIATELY! YOUR FATHER IS ABOUT TO DEPART.
THE BOY RAN HOME.
FATHER! FATHER!

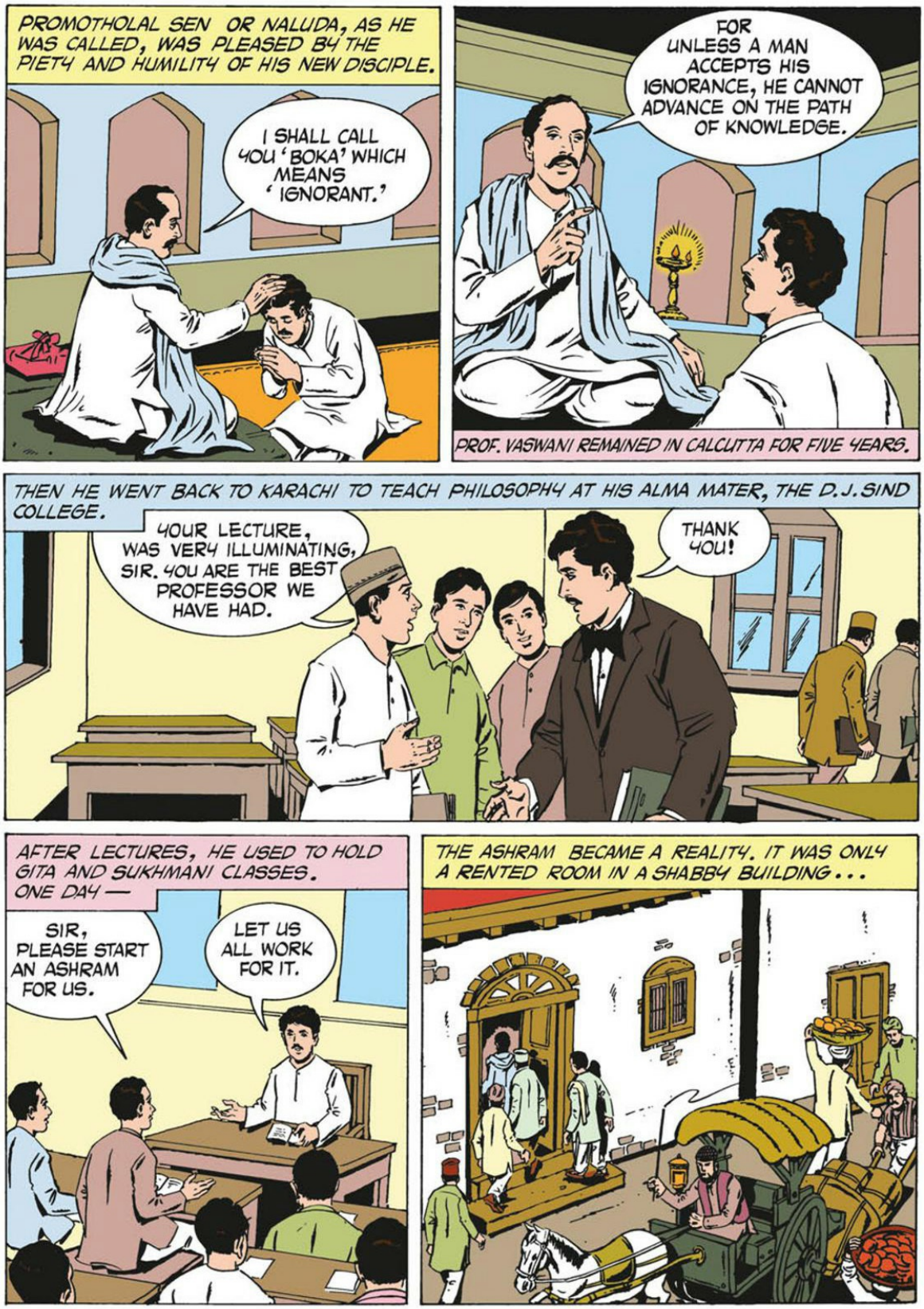

WITH HIS FATHER'S DEATH, THE FAMILY FELL ON HARD TIMES. THEN WHEN THANVAR WAS SIXTEEN YEARS OLD, PAHLAJ MADE AN IMPORTANT DECISION.
I AM GOING TO KARACHI, THANVAR. I WANT YOU TO COME WITH ME. YOU CAN JOIN THE N.J.V. SCHOOL THERE.
IT WAS IN KARACHI THAT THANVAR COMPLETED HIS LAST YEAR OF SCHOOL.
WHEN THE RESULTS OF THE MATRICULATION EXAMINATION WERE ANNOUNCED—
YOU ARE A CREDIT TO THE FAMILY! NOT ONLY HAVE YOU TOPPED THE LIST OF CANDIDATES IN SIND BUT YOU HAVE WON THE MACLEOD SCHOLARSHIP AS WELL!
YOU MUST NOW ATTEND COLLEGE AND GET A DEGREE.
THANVAR JOINED THE D.J. SIND COLLEGE WHICH WAS THE ONLY COLLEGE IN THE REGION AT THAT TIME...
... AND GRADUATED FOUR YEARS LATER WITH HONOURS.
HE STOOD FIRST IN ENGLISH IN THE UNIVERSITY AND WAS AWARDED THE PRESTIGIOUS ELLIS SCHOLARSHIP.


WHEN HE WENT HOME TO HYDERABAD —
HAVE YOU DECIDED WHAT YOU WANT TO DO IN LIFE?
MOTHER, I...
...I WOULD LIKE TO... TO...
YES?
I WOULD LIKE TO BECOME A SADHU.
A SADHU!
W...WHAT ARE YOU SAYING, SON?
HOW CAN YOU FORSAKE US NOW WHEN WE ARE STRUGGLING TO PAY OFF OUR DEBTS!
FORGIVE ME, MOTHER.
PROMISE ME THAT YOU WILL NOT BECOME A SADHU AS LONG AS I AM ALIVE.
I PROMISE!

SO HE WENT BACK TO COLLEGE. HE TAUGHT IN THE COLLEGE FOR A FEW HOURS EVERY WEEK...
...AND SIMULTANEOUSLY STUDIED FOR THE MASTER'S DEGREE.
THEN IN 1901...
MOTHER, THE M.A. RESULTS ARE OUT. I HAVE PASSED.
I AM PROUD OF YOU, MY SON! I WISH YOUR FATHER WERE HERE TO SHARE THIS HAPPY MOMENT.
NOW WHY DON'T YOU BECOME A LAWYER LIKE YOUR UNCLE, TEKCHAND. HE MAKES A LOT OF MONEY...
NO, MOTHER. I WANT TO TEACH.
HIS FIRST JOB WAS WITH THE UNION ACADEMY, HIS OLD SCHOOL. HE ENJOYED TEACHING...

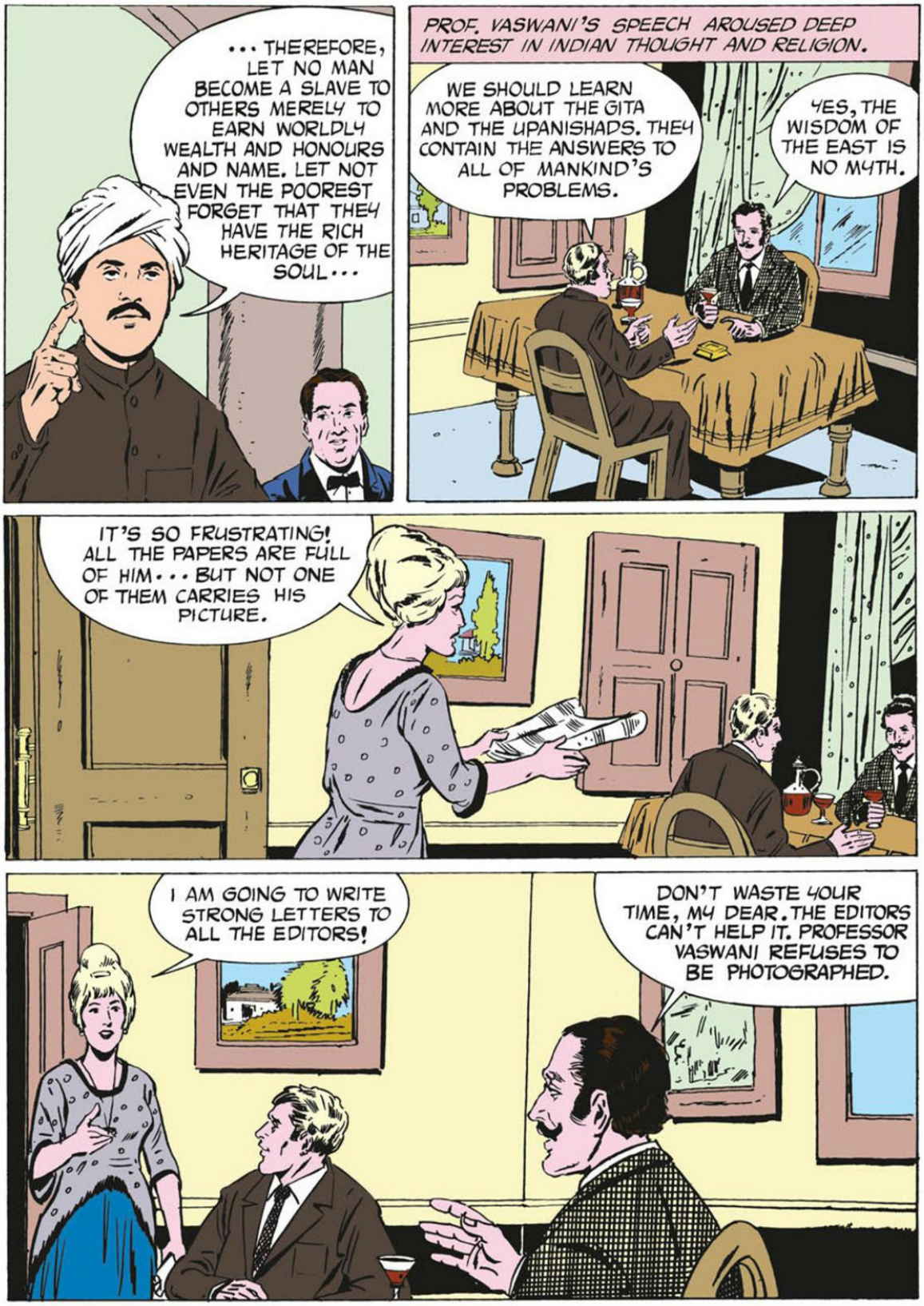

... BUT NOW THAT HE HAD A JOB, HIS MOTHER WANTED HIM TO MARRY.
... SHE COMES FROM A VERY GOOD FAMILY...
MOTHER, PLEASE. I DON'T WANT TO GET MARRIED!
I WISH TO DEVOTE MYSELF ENTIRELY TO GOD.
REMEMBER YOUR PROMISE, SON?
HOW I WISH I COULD GO SOMEWHERE TO BE ALONE WITH GOD. THERE ARE TOO MANY DISTRACTIONS HERE.
THEN ONE DAY —
A TELEGRAM! WHO IS IT FROM?
THE METROPOLITAN COLLEGE OF CALCUTTA.
THEY HAVE OFFERED ME A JOB AS A PROFESSOR.
VASWANI WAS BARELY TWENTY-TWO WHEN HE CAME TO CALCUTTA TO TAKE UP HIS FIRST FULL-TIME TEACHING ASSIGNMENT IN A COLLEGE.

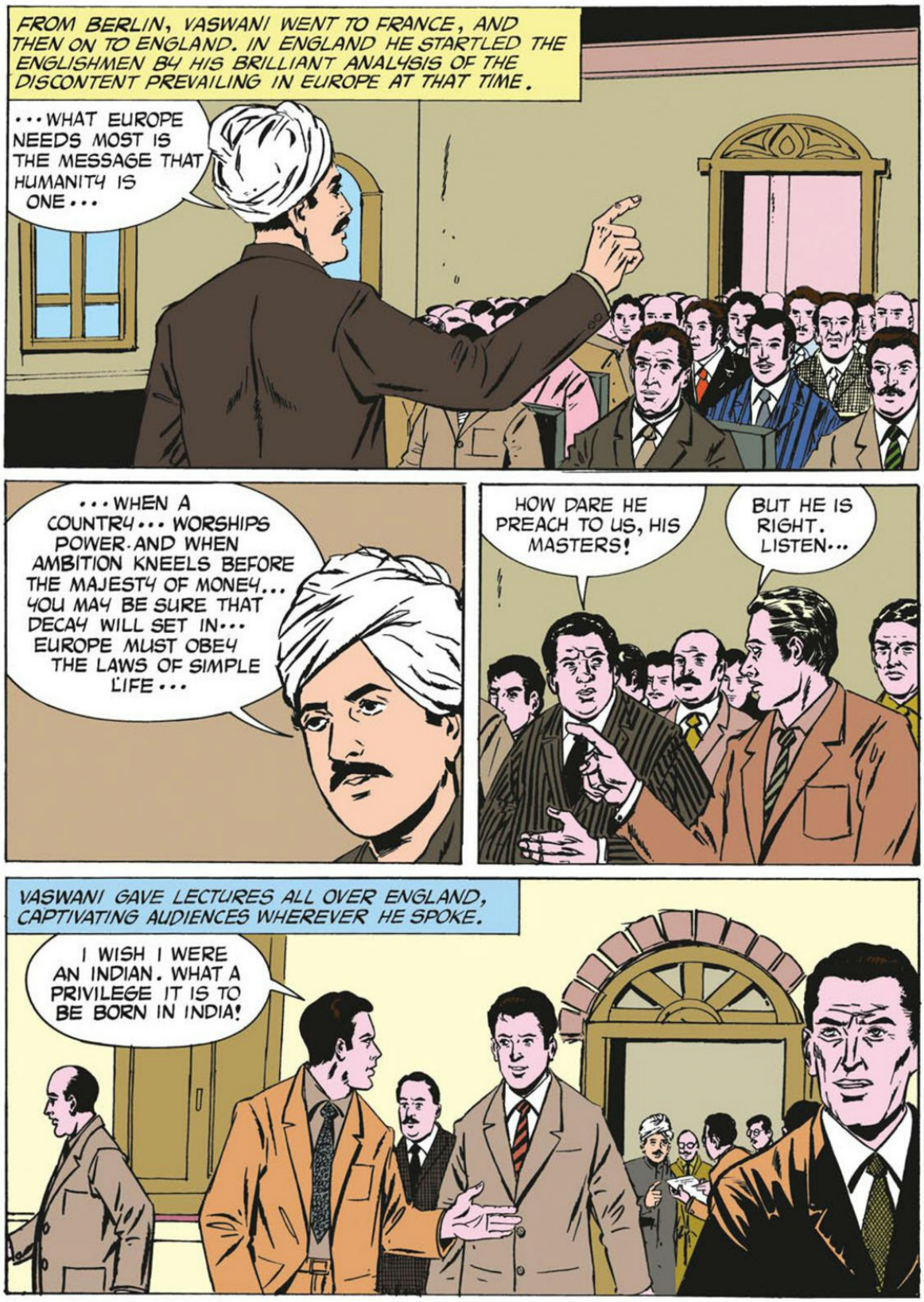

HE WAS A SUCCESS FROM THE VERY FIRST DAY.
NO ONE HAS EVER EXPLAINED HISTORY SO WELL BEFORE.
NOR PHILOSOPHY!
THE STUDENTS ADORED THEIR YOUNG, BRILLIANT PROFESSOR.
SIR, WE ARE GOING FOR A PICNIC TOMORROW. WILL YOU COME WITH US?
CERTAINLY!
MANY OF THEM WERE DRAWN TO HIM BECAUSE OF HIS SPIRITUALITY.
... BUILD YOUR LIVES ON THE ROCK OF PRAYER. SEEK NOT TO HARM OTHERS, NOR EVEN TO HURT THE FEELINGS OF OTHERS...
IN HIS FREE TIME, HE WANDERED AROUND THE CITY VISITING HOLY SHRINES AND HOLY MEN.
ON ONE SUCH OCCASION, HE CAME ACROSS THE SAINTLY SCHOLAR, PROMOTHOLAL SEN...
...AND HE KNEW HE HAD FOUND HIS GURU.
THE LIGHT OF GOD SHINES ON HIS FACE.


PROMOTHOLAL SEN OR NALUDA, AS HE WAS CALLED, WAS PLEASED BY THE PIETY AND HUMILITY OF HIS NEW DISCIPLE.
I SHALL CALL YOU 'BOKA' WHICH MEANS 'IGNORANT.'
FOR UNLESS A MAN ACCEPTS HIS IGNORANCE, HE CANNOT ADVANCE ON THE PATH OF KNOWLEDGE.
PROF. VASWANI REMAINED IN CALCUTTA FOR FIVE YEARS.
THEN HE WENT BACK TO KARACHI TO TEACH PHILOSOPHY AT HIS ALMA MATER, THE D.J. SIND COLLEGE.
YOUR LECTURE, WAS VERY ILLUMINATING, SIR. YOU ARE THE BEST PROFESSOR WE HAVE HAD.
THANK YOU!
AFTER LECTURES, HE USED TO HOLD GITA AND SUKHMANI CLASSES. ONE DAY —
SIR, PLEASE START AN ASHRAM FOR US.
LET US ALL WORK FOR IT.
THE ASHRAM BECAME A REALITY. IT WAS ONLY A RENTED ROOM IN A SHABBY BUILDING . . .

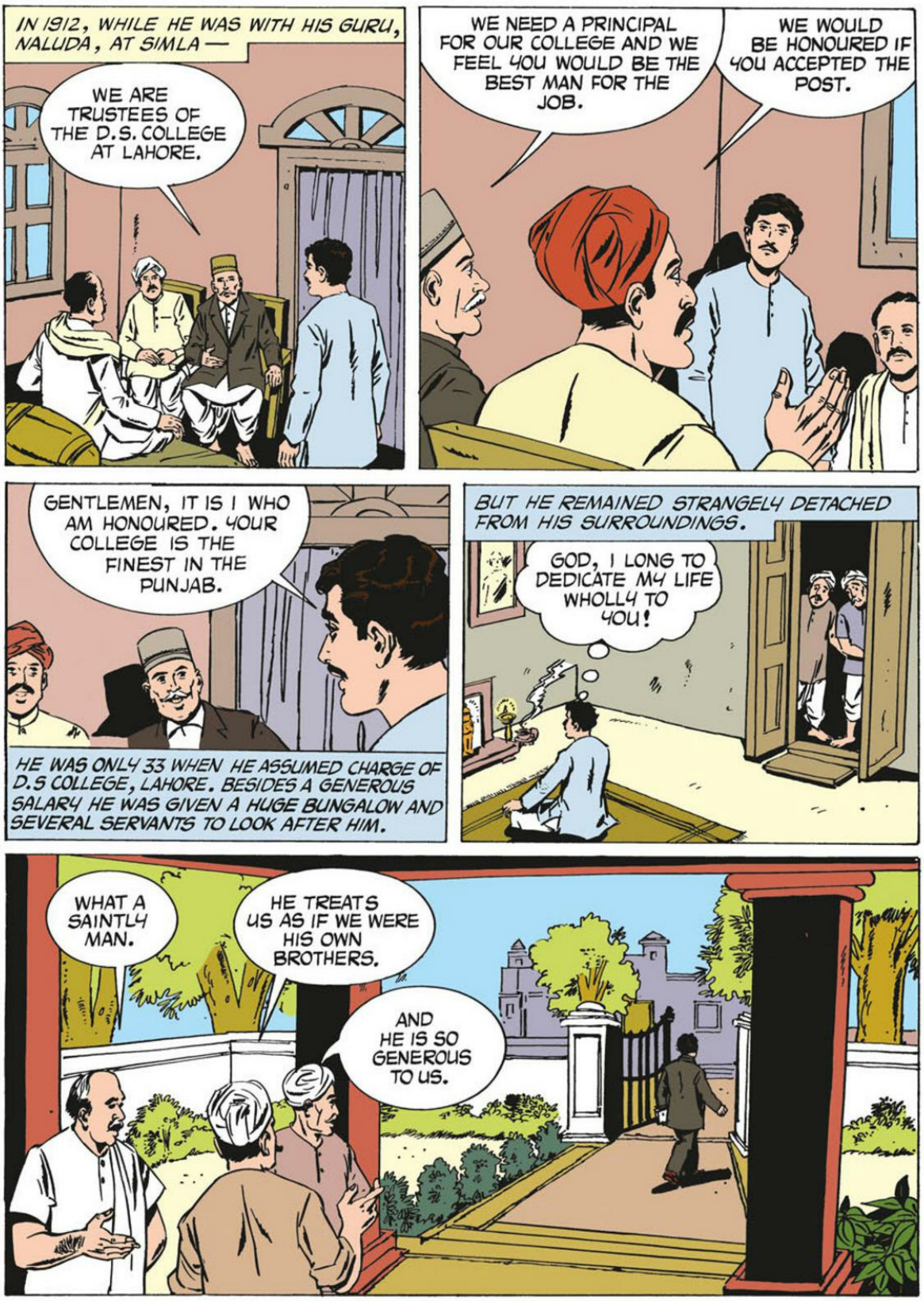
...BUT THOSE WHO ENTERED FORGOT THEIR SURROUNDINGS WHEN THE GURU SPOKE.
THIS EARTH IS NOT YOUR HOME. YOU ARE A STRANGER HERE. YOUR HOME IS THE ETERNAL...
THE PEOPLE OF KARACHI BEGAN TO HAIL HIM AS A SAGE AND A SEER. THEN ONE DAY IN 1910 —
HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS? PROFESSOR VASWANI HAS BEEN INVITED TO REPRESENT INDIA AT THE WORLD CONGRESS OF RELIGIONS AT BERLIN.
HURRAH!
VASWANI HIMSELF FELT UNWORTHY OF THE HONOUR.
I KNOW SO LITTLE. WHAT COULD I SAY TO THOSE LEARNED PEOPLE? I SHALL REFUSE.
BUT HIS GURU, NALUDA, URGED HIM TO GO. SO ON JUNE 10, 1910, HE SET OUT FOR EUROPE.
WHEN HE FINALLY LANDED IN BERLIN —
WHAT A STRANGE CITY! SO DIFFERENT FROM KARACHI!

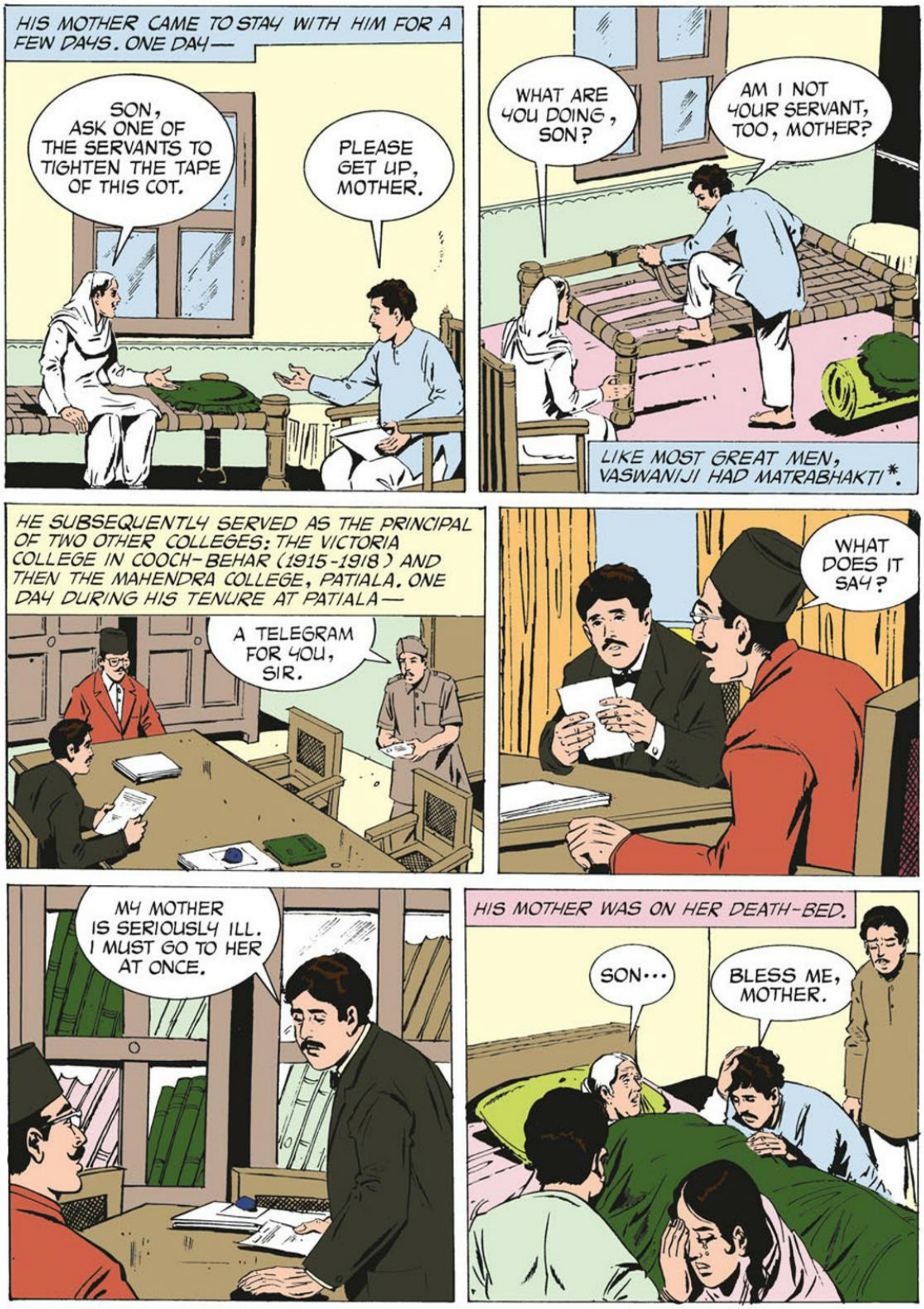
BUT WHY IS EVERYONE LOOKING AT ME... OH, IT'S MY TURBAN AND MY STRANGE CLOTHES.
EXCUSE ME, WHAT IS THE TIME?
IT'S 4 O'CLOCK.
IT CAN TALK!
MUMMY! IT CAN...
HEE-HEE!
HUSH!
BUT IF THE PEOPLE ON THE STREET WERE AMUSED BY HIS APPEARANCE, THE DELEGATES AT THE CONFERENCE WERE ASTOUNDED BY HIS ORATORY.
BROTHERS AND SISTERS, I BRING TO YOU THE ETERNAL MESSAGE OF THE ATMAN...
HOW WELL HE SPEAKS! AND HE'S ONLY THIRTY YEARS OLD!


... THEREFORE, LET NO MAN BECOME A SLAVE TO OTHERS MERELY TO EARN WORLDLY WEALTH AND HONOURS AND NAME. LET NOT EVEN THE POOREST FORGET THAT THEY HAVE THE RICH HERITAGE OF THE SOUL...
PROF. VASWANI'S SPEECH AROUSED DEEP INTEREST IN INDIAN THOUGHT AND RELIGION.
WE SHOULD LEARN MORE ABOUT THE GITA AND THE UPANISHADS. THEY CONTAIN THE ANSWERS TO ALL OF MANKIND'S PROBLEMS.
YES, THE WISDOM OF THE EAST IS NO MYTH.
IT'S SO FRUSTRATING! ALL THE PAPERS ARE FULL OF HIM... BUT NOT ONE OF THEM CARRIES HIS PICTURE.
I AM GOING TO WRITE STRONG LETTERS TO ALL THE EDITORS!
DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME, MY DEAR. THE EDITORS CAN'T HELP IT. PROFESSOR VASWANI REFUSES TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED.

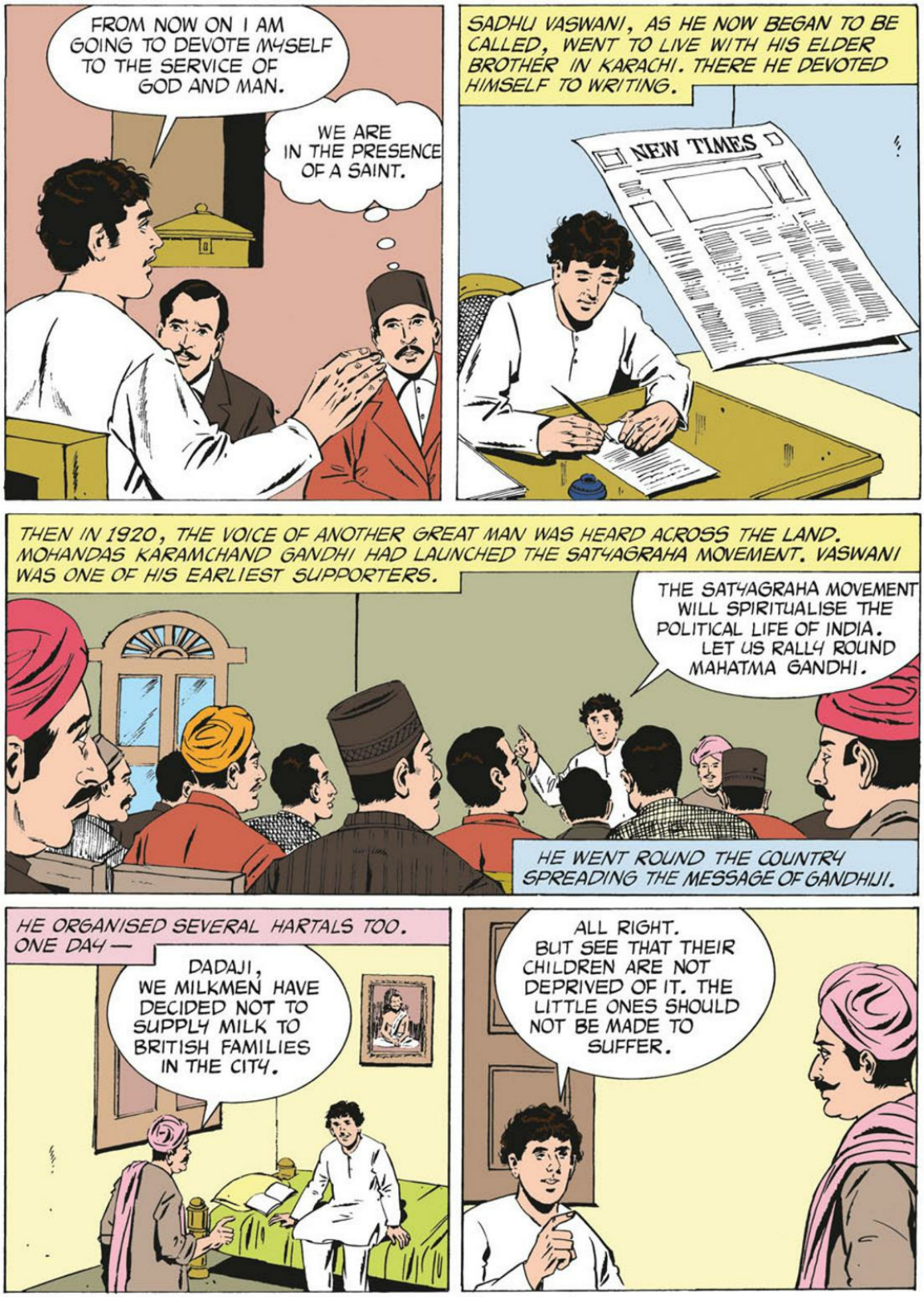

FROM BERLIN, VASWANI WENT TO FRANCE, AND THEN ON TO ENGLAND. IN ENGLAND HE STARTLED THE ENGLISHMEN BY HIS BRILLIANT ANALYSIS OF THE DISCONTENT PREVAILING IN EUROPE AT THAT TIME.
...WHAT EUROPE NEEDS MOST IS THE MESSAGE THAT HUMANITY IS ONE...
...WHEN A COUNTRY... WORSHIPS POWER AND WHEN AMBITION KNEELS BEFORE THE MAJESTY OF MONEY... YOU MAY BE SURE THAT DECAY WILL SET IN... EUROPE MUST OBEY THE LAWS OF SIMPLE LIFE...
HOW DARE HE PREACH TO US, HIS MASTERS!
BUT HE IS RIGHT. LISTEN...
VASWANI GAVE LECTURES ALL OVER ENGLAND, CAPTIVATING AUDIENCES WHEREVER HE SPOKE.
I WISH I WERE AN INDIAN. WHAT A PRIVILEGE IT IS TO BE BORN IN INDIA!

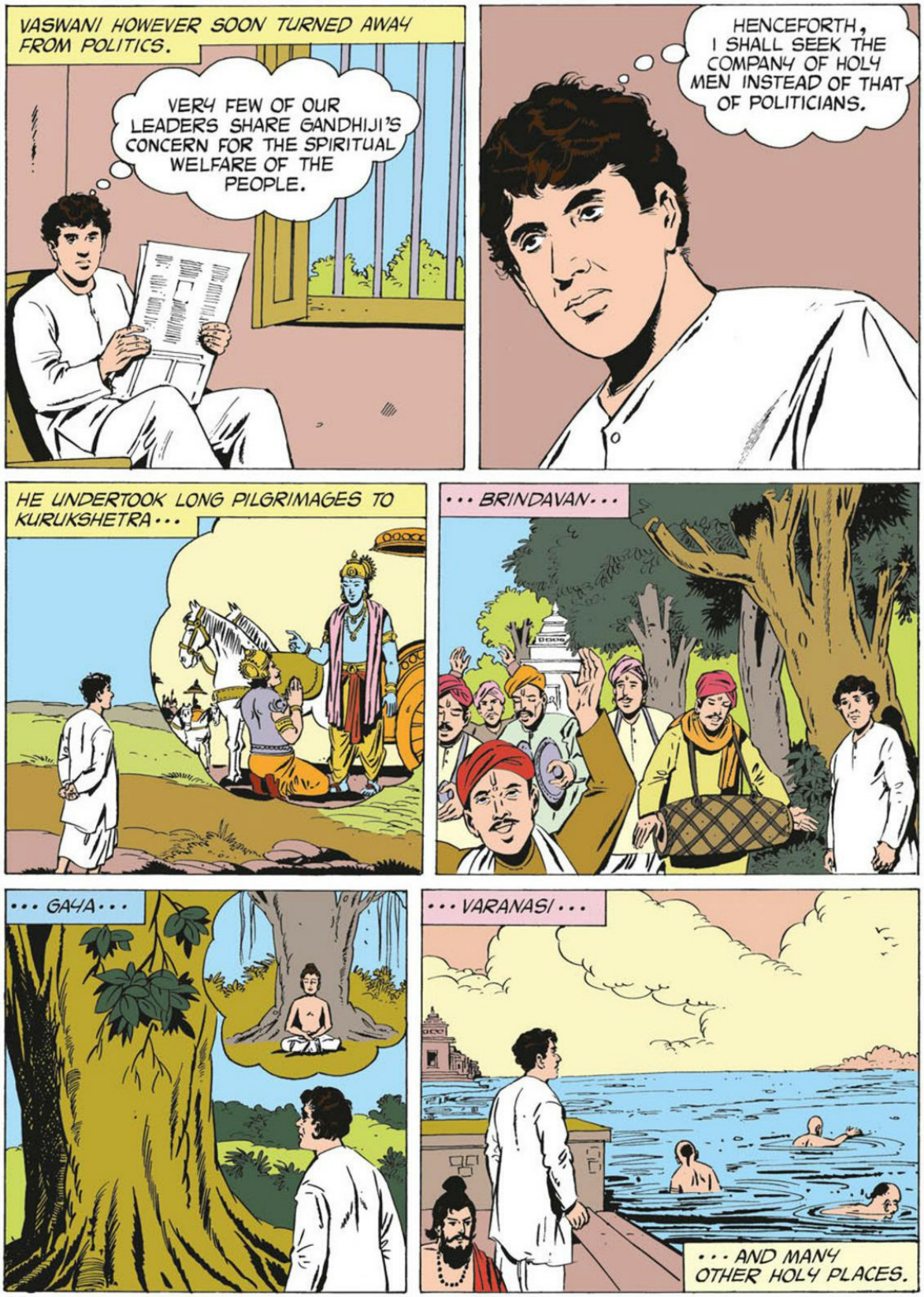
FINALLY IT WAS TIME FOR HIM TO RETURN. ON THE SHIP —
MY TOUR HAS BEEN A GREAT SUCCESS... BUT I MUST GUARD MYSELF AGAINST VANITY.
I SHALL NOT PRESIDE OVER ANY MEETING IN INDIA FOR A YEAR. BUT THAT IS NOT ENOUGH. I MUST DO SOMETHING MORE.
HE SUDDENLY REMEMBERED THAT HE HAD MADE A FILE OF NEWSPAPER CUTTINGS ABOUT HIMSELF.
OH, WHAT HAVE I DONE!
HE BROUGHT OUT THE FILE AND FLUNG IT INTO THE SEA.
VANITY OF VANITIES. ALL IS VANITY.
THE SHIP DOCKED AT BOMBAY. FROM BOMBAY, VASWANI WENT DIRECTLY TO HYDERABAD. IT WAS A JOYOUS HOMECOMING.
HOW WE MISSED YOU!
SOME DAYS LATER HE QUIETLY RESUMED HIS JOB AT THE D.J.SIND COLLEGE.

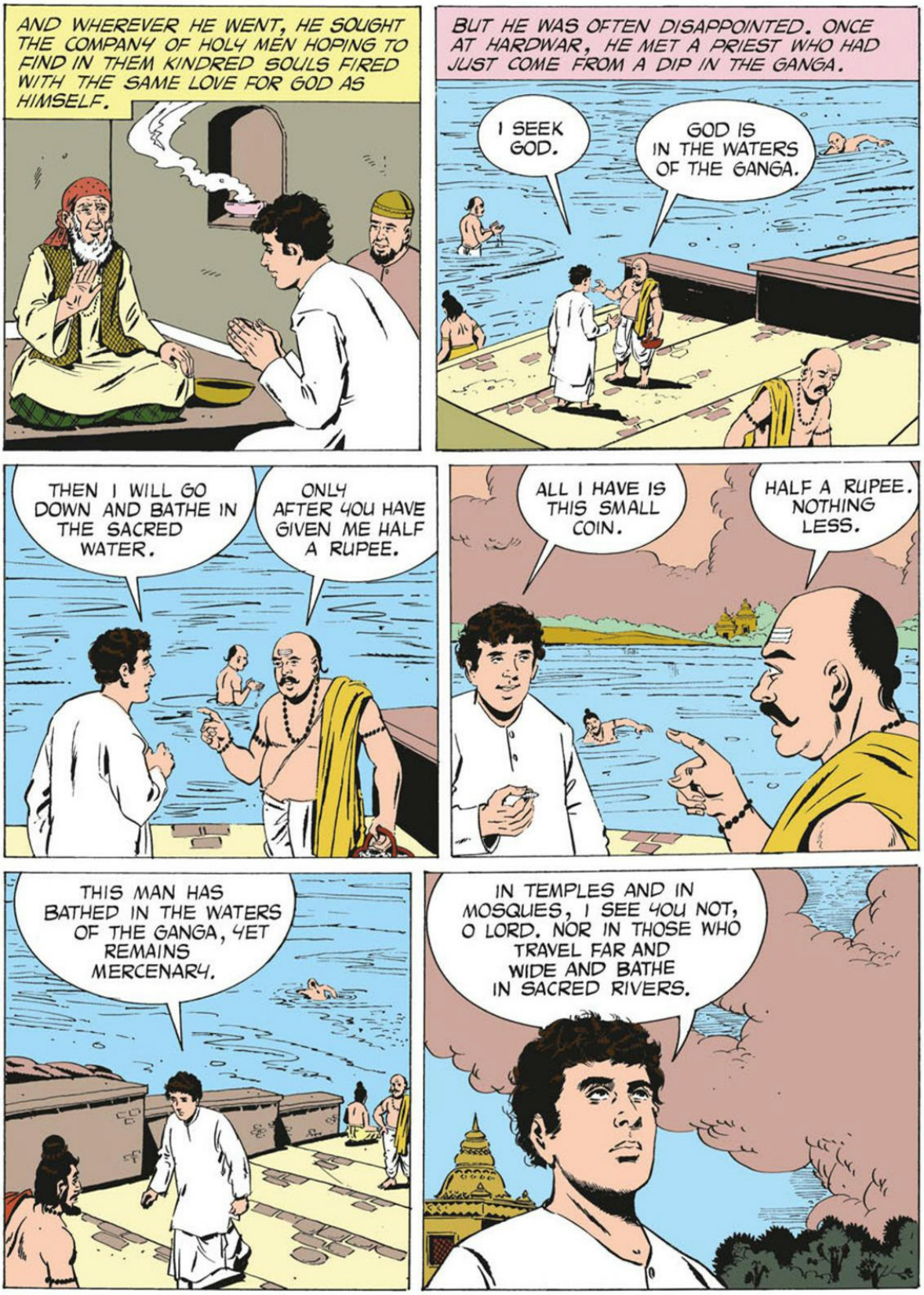

IN 1912, WHILE HE WAS WITH HIS GURU, NALUDA, AT SIMLA —
WE ARE TRUSTEES OF THE D.S. COLLEGE AT LAHORE.
WE NEED A PRINCIPAL FOR OUR COLLEGE AND WE FEEL YOU WOULD BE THE BEST MAN FOR THE JOB.
WE WOULD BE HONOURED IF YOU ACCEPTED THE POST.
GENTLEMEN, IT IS I WHO AM HONOURED. YOUR COLLEGE IS THE FINEST IN THE PUNJAB.
HE WAS ONLY 33 WHEN HE ASSUMED CHARGE OF D.S COLLEGE, LAHORE. BESIDES A GENEROUS SALARY HE WAS GIVEN A HUGE BUNGALOW AND SEVERAL SERVANTS TO LOOK AFTER HIM.
BUT HE REMAINED STRANGELY DETACHED FROM HIS SURROUNDINGS.
GOD, I LONG TO DEDICATE MY LIFE WHOLLY TO YOU!
WHAT A SAINTLY MAN.
HE TREATS US AS IF WE WERE HIS OWN BROTHERS.
AND HE IS SO GENEROUS TO US.

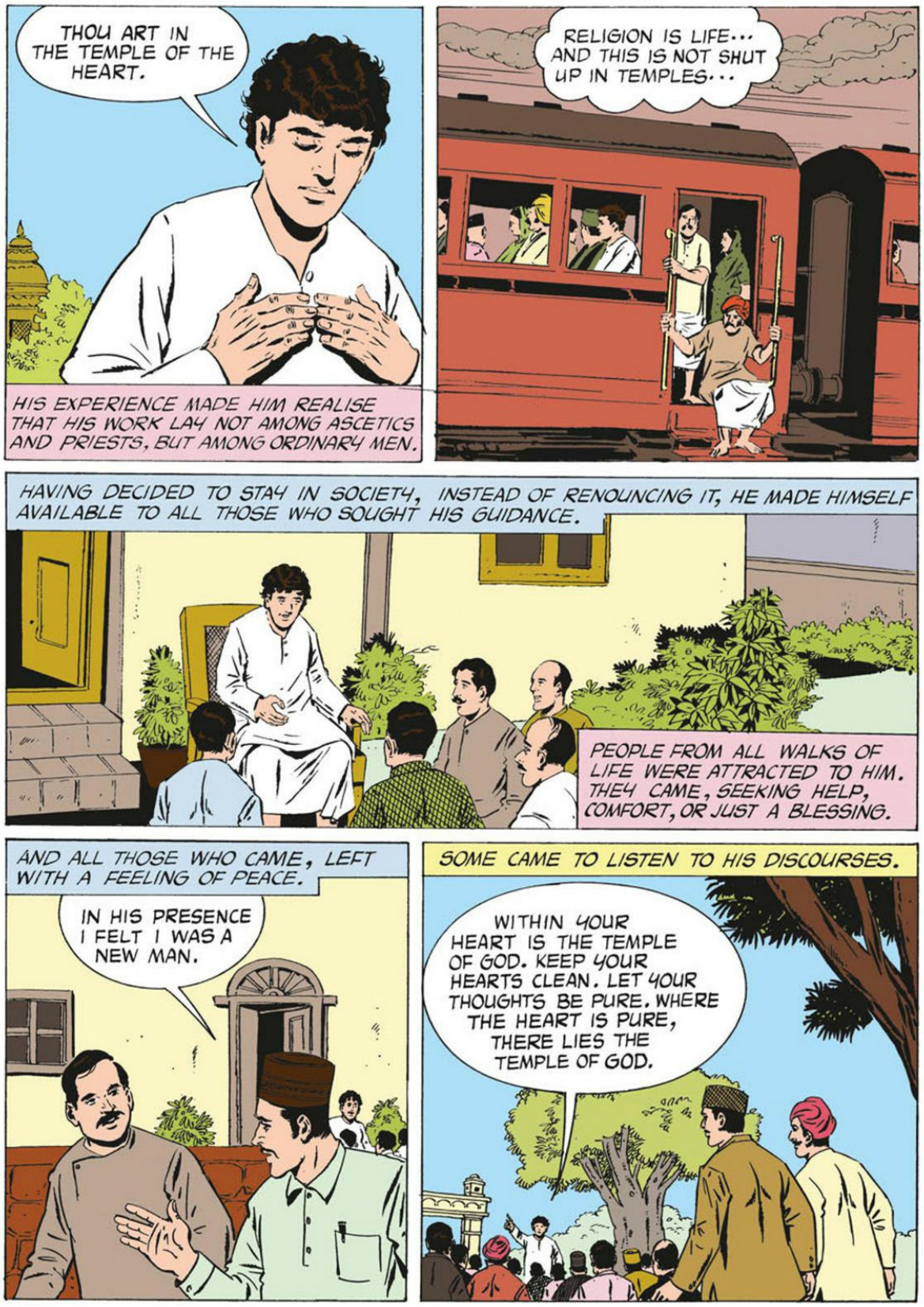

HIS MOTHER CAME TO STAY WITH HIM FOR A FEW DAYS. ONE DAY—
SON, ASK ONE OF THE SERVANTS TO TIGHTEN THE TAPE OF THIS COT.
PLEASE GET UP, MOTHER.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING, SON?
AM I NOT YOUR SERVANT, TOO, MOTHER?
LIKE MOST GREAT MEN, VASWANIJI HAD MATRABHAKTI*.
HE SUBSEQUENTLY SERVED AS THE PRINCIPAL OF TWO OTHER COLLEGES: THE VICTORIA COLLEGE IN COOCH-BEHAR (1915-1918) AND THEN THE MAHENDRA COLLEGE, PATIALA. ONE DAY DURING HIS TENURE AT PATIALA—
A TELEGRAM FOR YOU, SIR.
WHAT DOES IT SAY?
MY MOTHER IS SERIOUSLY ILL. I MUST GO TO HER AT ONCE.
HIS MOTHER WAS ON HER DEATH-BED.
SON...
BLESS ME, MOTHER.

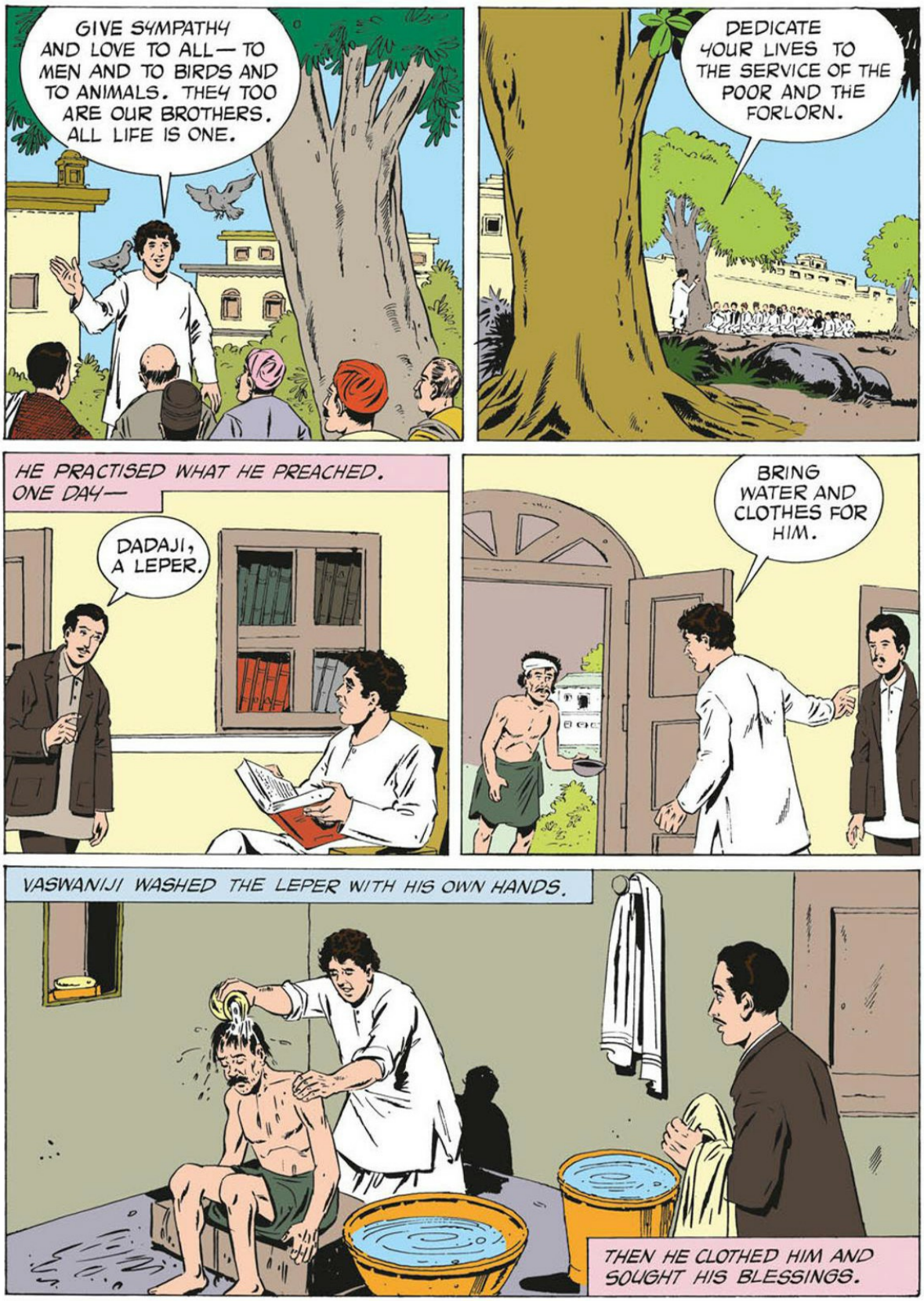
WITH HER DEATH, HIS LAST LINK WITH THE MATERIAL WORLD WAS BROKEN.
MANGHAN, I WANT YOU TO DISTRIBUTE ALL THESE CLOTHES OF MINE AMONG THE POOR.
WHY, DADA?
I WON'T BE NEEDING THEM NOW. HENCEFORTH, I SHALL WEAR ONLY HOMESPUN KHADDAR.
HE RESIGNED HIS POST AT THE COLLEGE TOO. WHEN HIS FRIENDS CAME TO KNOW OF WHAT HE HAD DONE, THEY WERE STUNNED.
IT'S MADNESS TO CUT SHORT YOUR CAREER LIKE THIS. YOU ARE BARELY FORTY YEARS OLD!
YOU ARE ON THE THRESHOLD OF FAME AND FORTUNE.
DON'T SACRIFICE YOUR CAREER NOW!
MY CAREER LIES IN THE SERVICE OF GOD. THE PURPOSE OF LIFE IS TO LOVE, TO SERVE AND TO GIVE.

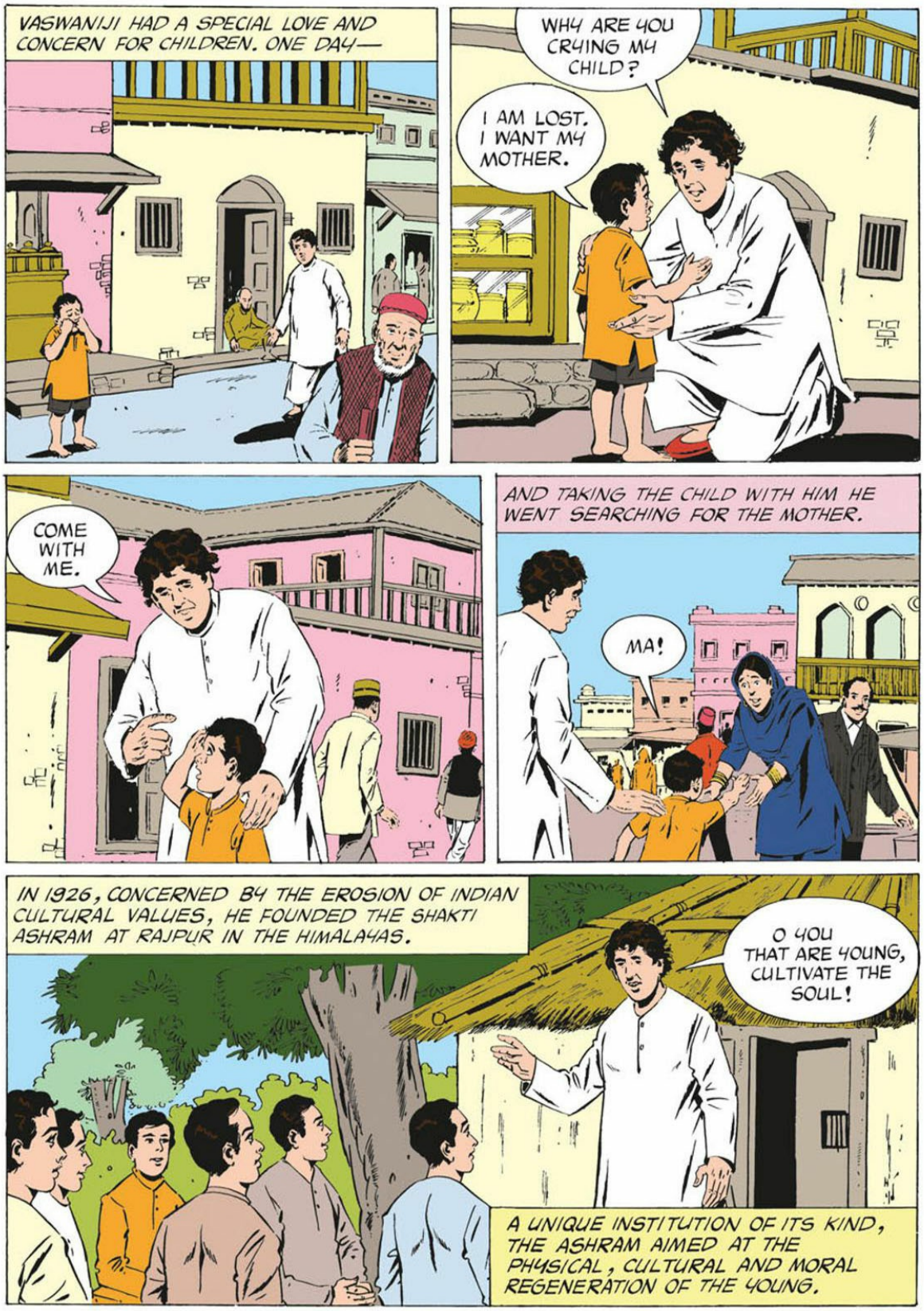

FROM NOW ON I AM GOING TO DEVOTE MYSELF TO THE SERVICE OF GOD AND MAN.
WE ARE IN THE PRESENCE OF A SAINT.
SADHU VASWANI, AS HE NOW BEGAN TO BE CALLED, WENT TO LIVE WITH HIS ELDER BROTHER IN KARACHI. THERE HE DEVOTED HIMSELF TO WRITING.
NEW TIMES
THEN IN 1920, THE VOICE OF ANOTHER GREAT MAN WAS HEARD ACROSS THE LAND. MOHANDAS KARAMCHAND GANDHI HAD LAUNCHED THE SATYAGRAHA MOVEMENT. VASWANI WAS ONE OF HIS EARLIEST SUPPORTERS.
THE SATYAGRAHA MOVEMENT WILL SPIRITUALISE THE POLITICAL LIFE OF INDIA. LET US RALLY ROUND MAHATMA GANDHI.
HE WENT ROUND THE COUNTRY SPREADING THE MESSAGE OF GANDHIJI.
HE ORGANISED SEVERAL HARTALS TOO. ONE DAY —
DADAJI, WE MILKMEN HAVE DECIDED NOT TO SUPPLY MILK TO BRITISH FAMILIES IN THE CITY.
ALL RIGHT. BUT SEE THAT THEIR CHILDREN ARE NOT DEPRIVED OF IT. THE LITTLE ONES SHOULD NOT BE MADE TO SUFFER.

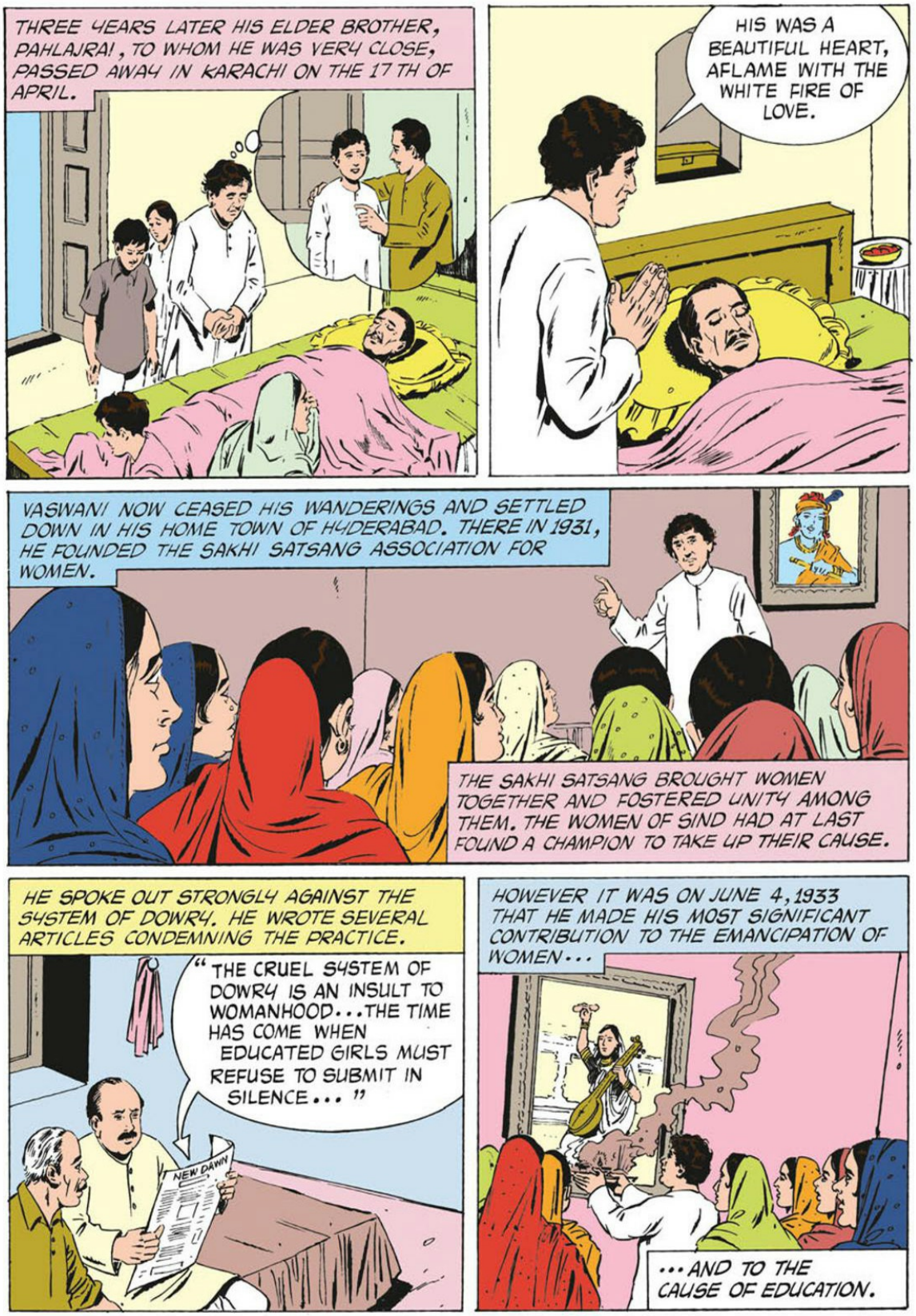

VASWANI HOWEVER SOON TURNED AWAY FROM POLITICS.
VERY FEW OF OUR LEADERS SHARE GANDHIJI'S CONCERN FOR THE SPIRITUAL WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE.
HENCEFORTH, I SHALL SEEK THE COMPANY OF HOLY MEN INSTEAD OF THAT OF POLITICIANS.
HE UNDERTOOK LONG PILGRIMAGES TO KURUKSHETRA...
...BRINDAVAN...
...GAYA...
...VARANASI...
...AND MANY OTHER HOLY PLACES.

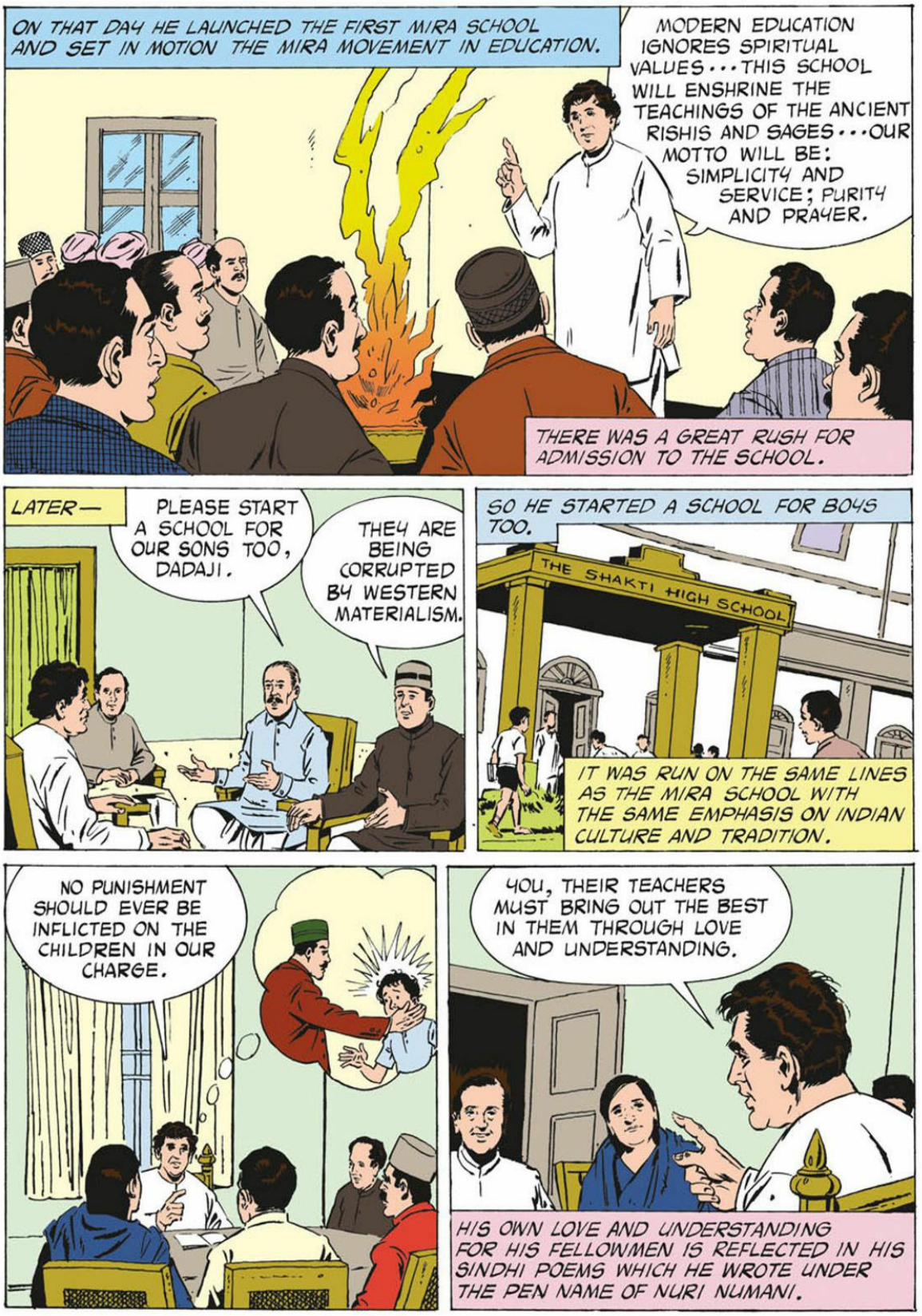

AND WHEREVER HE WENT, HE SOUGHT THE COMPANY OF HOLY MEN HOPING TO FIND IN THEM KINDRED SOULS FIRED WITH THE SAME LOVE FOR GOD AS HIMSELF.
BUT HE WAS OFTEN DISAPPOINTED. ONCE AT HARDWAR, HE MET A PRIEST WHO HAD JUST COME FROM A DIP IN THE GANGA.
I SEEK GOD.
GOD IS IN THE WATERS OF THE GANGA.
THEN I WILL GO DOWN AND BATHE IN THE SACRED WATER.
ONLY AFTER YOU HAVE GIVEN ME HALF A RUPEE.
ALL I HAVE IS THIS SMALL COIN.
HALF A RUPEE. NOTHING LESS.
THIS MAN HAS BATHED IN THE WATERS OF THE GANGA, YET REMAINS MERCENARY.
IN TEMPLES AND IN MOSQUES, I SEE YOU NOT, O LORD. NOR IN THOSE WHO TRAVEL FAR AND WIDE AND BATHE IN SACRED RIVERS.

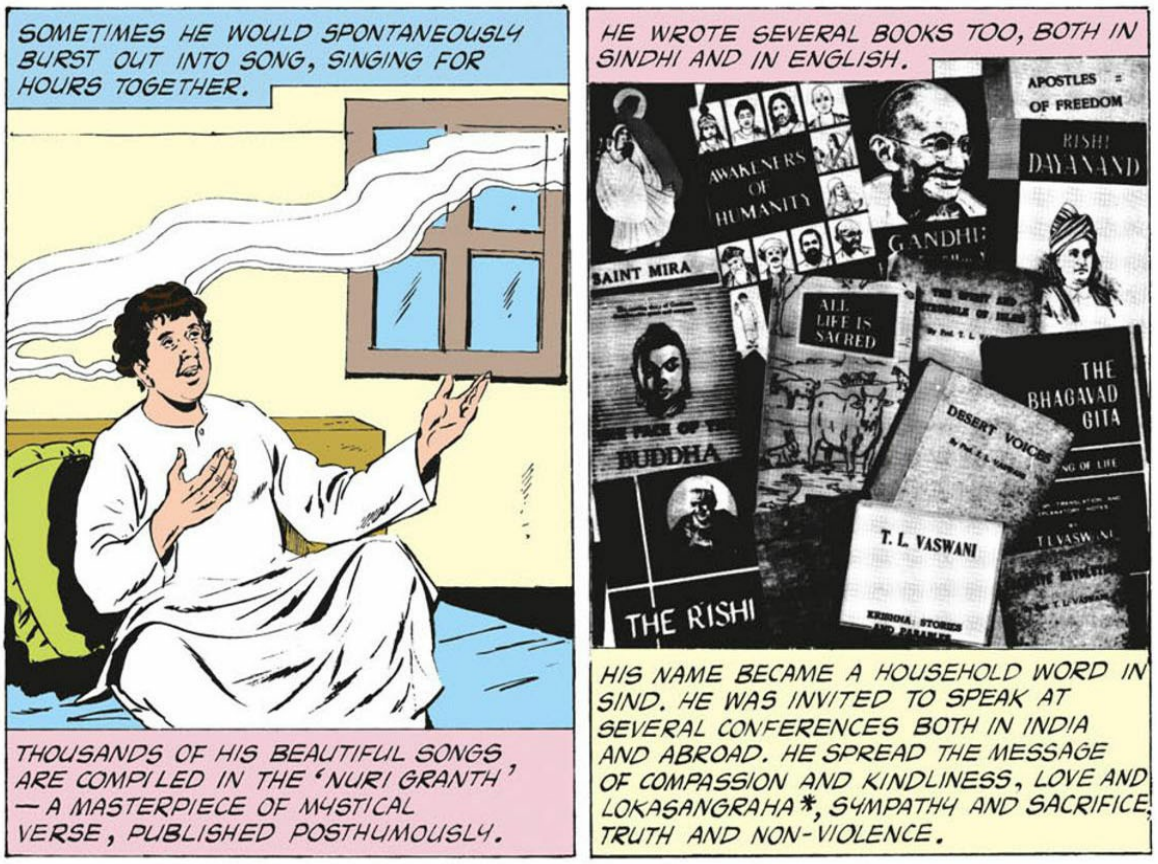

THOU ART IN THE TEMPLE OF THE HEART.
HIS EXPERIENCE MADE HIM REALISE THAT HIS WORK LAY NOT AMONG ASCETICS AND PRIESTS, BUT AMONG ORDINARY MEN.
RELIGION IS LIFE... AND THIS IS NOT SHUT UP IN TEMPLES...
HAVING DECIDED TO STAY IN SOCIETY, INSTEAD OF RENOUNCING IT, HE MADE HIMSELF AVAILABLE TO ALL THOSE WHO SOUGHT HIS GUIDANCE.
PEOPLE FROM ALL WALKS OF LIFE WERE ATTRACTED TO HIM. THEY CAME, SEEKING HELP, COMFORT, OR JUST A BLESSING.
AND ALL THOSE WHO CAME, LEFT WITH A FEELING OF PEACE.
IN HIS PRESENCE I FELT I WAS A NEW MAN.
SOME CAME TO LISTEN TO HIS DISCOURSES.
WITHIN YOUR HEART IS THE TEMPLE OF GOD. KEEP YOUR HEARTS CLEAN. LET YOUR THOUGHTS BE PURE. WHERE THE HEART IS PURE, THERE LIES THE TEMPLE OF GOD.


GIVE SYMPATHY AND LOVE TO ALL— TO MEN AND TO BIRDS AND TO ANIMALS. THEY TOO ARE OUR BROTHERS. ALL LIFE IS ONE.
DEDICATE YOUR LIVES TO THE SERVICE OF THE POOR AND THE FORLORN.
HE PRACTISED WHAT HE PREACHED. ONE DAY—
DADAJI, A LEPER.
BRING WATER AND CLOTHES FOR HIM.
VASWANIJI WASHED THE LEPER WITH HIS OWN HANDS.
THEN HE CLOTHED HIM AND SOUGHT HIS BLESSINGS.

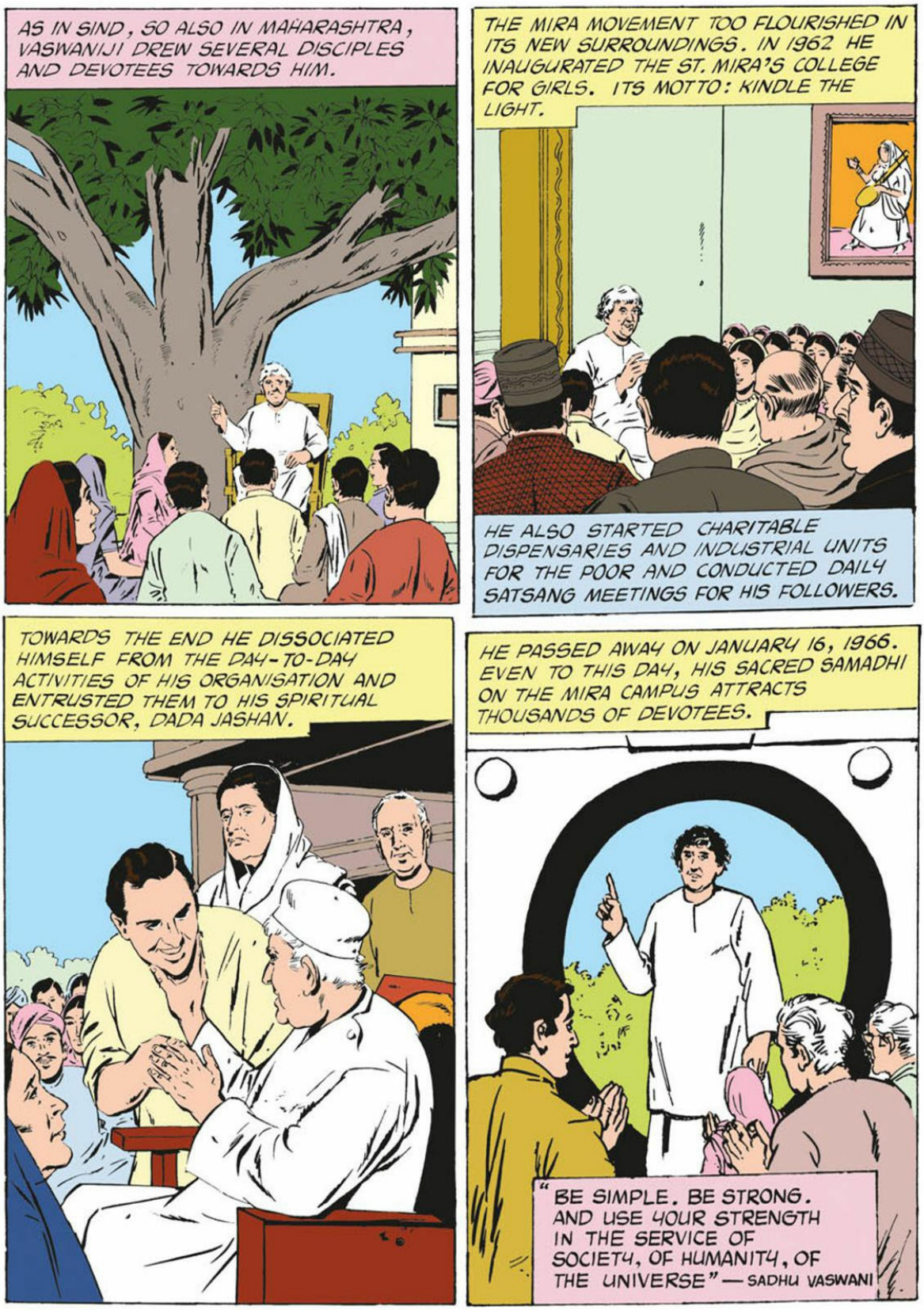

VASWANIJI HAD A SPECIAL LOVE AND CONCERN FOR CHILDREN. ONE DAY—
WHY ARE YOU CRYING MY CHILD?
I AM LOST. I WANT MY MOTHER.
COME WITH ME.
AND TAKING THE CHILD WITH HIM HE WENT SEARCHING FOR THE MOTHER.
MA!
IN 1926, CONCERNED BY THE EROSION OF INDIAN CULTURAL VALUES, HE FOUNDED THE SHAKTI ASHRAM AT RAJPUR IN THE HIMALAYAS.
O YOU THAT ARE YOUNG, CULTIVATE THE SOUL!
A UNIQUE INSTITUTION OF ITS KIND, THE ASHRAM AIMED AT THE PHYSICAL, CULTURAL AND MORAL REGENERATION OF THE YOUNG.


THREE YEARS LATER HIS ELDER BROTHER, PAHLAJRAI, TO WHOM HE WAS VERY CLOSE, PASSED AWAY IN KARACHI ON THE 17 TH OF APRIL.
HIS WAS A BEAUTIFUL HEART, AFLAME WITH THE WHITE FIRE OF LOVE.
VASWANI NOW CEASED HIS WANDERINGS AND SETTLED DOWN IN HIS HOME TOWN OF HYDERABAD. THERE IN 1931, HE FOUNDED THE SAKHI SATSANG ASSOCIATION FOR WOMEN.
THE SAKHI SATSANG BROUGHT WOMEN TOGETHER AND FOSTERED UNITY AMONG THEM. THE WOMEN OF SIND HAD AT LAST FOUND A CHAMPION TO TAKE UP THEIR CAUSE.
HE SPOKE OUT STRONGLY AGAINST THE SYSTEM OF DOWRY. HE WROTE SEVERAL ARTICLES CONDEMNING THE PRACTICE.
" THE CRUEL SYSTEM OF DOWRY IS AN INSULT TO WOMANHOOD...THE TIME HAS COME WHEN EDUCATED GIRLS MUST REFUSE TO SUBMIT IN SILENCE... "
NEW DAWN
HOWEVER IT WAS ON JUNE 4, 1933 THAT HE MADE HIS MOST SIGNIFICANT CONTRIBUTION TO THE EMANCIPATION OF WOMEN...
...AND TO THE CAUSE OF EDUCATION.


ON THAT DAY HE LAUNCHED THE FIRST MIRA SCHOOL AND SET IN MOTION THE MIRA MOVEMENT IN EDUCATION.
MODERN EDUCATION IGNORES SPIRITUAL VALUES...THIS SCHOOL WILL ENSHRINE THE TEACHINGS OF THE ANCIENT RISHIS AND SAGES...OUR MOTTO WILL BE: SIMPLICITY AND SERVICE; PURITY AND PRAYER.
THERE WAS A GREAT RUSH FOR ADMISSION TO THE SCHOOL.
LATER—
PLEASE START A SCHOOL FOR OUR SONS TOO, DADAJI.
THEY ARE BEING CORRUPTED BY WESTERN MATERIALISM.
SO HE STARTED A SCHOOL FOR BOYS TOO.
THE SHAKTI HIGH SCHOOL
IT WAS RUN ON THE SAME LINES AS THE MIRA SCHOOL WITH THE SAME EMPHASIS ON INDIAN CULTURE AND TRADITION.
NO PUNISHMENT SHOULD EVER BE INFLICTED ON THE CHILDREN IN OUR CHARGE.
YOU, THEIR TEACHERS MUST BRING OUT THE BEST IN THEM THROUGH LOVE AND UNDERSTANDING.
HIS OWN LOVE AND UNDERSTANDING FOR HIS FELLOWMEN IS REFLECTED IN HIS SINDHI POEMS WHICH HE WROTE UNDER THE PEN NAME OF NURI NUMANI.


SOMETIMES HE WOULD SPONTANEOUSLY BURST OUT INTO SONG, SINGING FOR HOURS TOGETHER.
THOUSANDS OF HIS BEAUTIFUL SONGS ARE COMPILED IN THE 'NURI GRANTH' — A MASTERPIECE OF MYSTICAL VERSE, PUBLISHED POSTHUMOUSLY.
HE WROTE SEVERAL BOOKS TOO, BOTH IN SINDHI AND IN ENGLISH.
APOSTLES OF FREEDOM
RISHI DAYANAND
AWAKENERS OF HUMANITY
GANDHI
SAINT MIRA
ALL LIFE IS SACRED
THE BHAGAVAD GITA
DESERT VOICES
BUDDHA
T. L. VASWANI
THE RISHI
HIS NAME BECAME A HOUSEHOLD WORD IN SIND. HE WAS INVITED TO SPEAK AT SEVERAL CONFERENCES BOTH IN INDIA AND ABROAD. HE SPREAD THE MESSAGE OF COMPASSION AND KINDLINESS, LOVE AND LOKASANGRAHA*, SYMPATHY AND SACRIFICE, TRUTH AND NON-VIOLENCE.
IN 1947, RIOTS BROKE OUT IN HYDERABAD AS IN SEVERAL OTHER PARTS OF THE COUNTRY.
CRASH!
HIS FRIENDS AND ADMIRERS ASKED HIM TO LEAVE THE LAND AND ON NOVEMBER 10, 1948, HE RELUCTANTLY GAVE IN TO THEIR WISHES.
HE LEFT SIND AND MADE PUNE, IN MAHARASHTRA, HIS NEW HOME.

* SOCIAL GOOD


AS IN SIND, SO ALSO IN MAHARASHTRA, VASWANIJI DREW SEVERAL DISCIPLES AND DEVOTEES TOWARDS HIM.
THE MIRA MOVEMENT TOO FLOURISHED IN ITS NEW SURROUNDINGS. IN 1962 HE INAUGURATED THE ST. MIRA'S COLLEGE FOR GIRLS. ITS MOTTO: KINDLE THE LIGHT.
HE ALSO STARTED CHARITABLE DISPENSARIES AND INDUSTRIAL UNITS FOR THE POOR AND CONDUCTED DAILY SATSANG MEETINGS FOR HIS FOLLOWERS.
TOWARDS THE END HE DISSOCIATED HIMSELF FROM THE DAY-TO-DAY ACTIVITIES OF HIS ORGANISATION AND ENTRUSTED THEM TO HIS SPIRITUAL SUCCESSOR, DADA JASHAN.
HE PASSED AWAY ON JANUARY 16, 1966. EVEN TO THIS DAY, HIS SACRED SAMADHI ON THE MIRA CAMPUS ATTRACTS THOUSANDS OF DEVOTEES.
"BE SIMPLE. BE STRONG. AND USE YOUR STRENGTH IN THE SERVICE OF SOCIETY, OF HUMANITY, OF THE UNIVERSE" — SADHU VASWANI

WHICH OF THE ACKs HAVE YOU STILL NOT READ?

EPICS AND MYTHOLOGY
Best known stories from the Epics and the Puranas

Abhimanyu
Agastya
Andhaka
Aniruddha
Aruni And Uttanka
Ashwini Kumars
Ayyappan
Bahubali
Bhanumati
Bheema And Hanuman
Bheeshma
Chandrahasa
Dasharatha
Dhruva And Ashtavakra
Draupadi
Drona
Elephanta
Gandhari
Ganesha
Ganesha And The Moon
Ganga
Garuda
Ghatotkacha
Hanuman
Hanuman To The Rescue
Harischandra
Heroes Of Hampi
Indra And Shachi
Indra And Shibi
Indra And Vritra
Jagannatha Of Puri
Jayadratha
Kacha And Devayani
Karna
Karttikeya
Konark
Krishna
Krishna And Jarasandha
Krishna And Narakasura
Krishna And Rukmini
Krishna And Shishupala
Krishna And The False Vaasudeva
Kubera
Kumbhakarna
Mahabharata
Mahiravana
Nachiketa
Nahusha
Nala Damayanti
Pareekshit
Parashurama
Prabhavati
Pradyumna
Prahlad
Purushottam Dev And Padmavati
Rama
Ravana Humbled
Saraswati
Sati And Shiva
Savitri
Shiva Parvati
Stories of Creation
Subhadra
Sudama
Sukanya
Surya
Tales From The Upanishads
Tales Of Arjuna
Tales Of Balarama
Tales Of Durga
Tales Of Indra
Tales Of Narada
Tales Of Shiva
Tales Of Vishnu
Tales Of Yudhishthira
Tapati
Thanjavur
The Churning Of The Ocean
The Gita
The Golden Mongoose
The King In A Parrot's Body
The Lord Of Lanka
The Pandava Princes
The Pandavas In Hiding
The Parijata Tree
The Sons Of Rama
The Syamantaka Gem
Tirupati
Tripura
Uloopi
Vaishno Devi
Vali
Vishwamitra
Yayati

VISIONARIES
Inspiring tales of thinkers, social reformers and nation builders

Adi Shankara
Albert Einstein
Anant Pai
Babasaheb Ambedkar
Basaveshwara
Buddha
Chaitanya Mahaprabhu
Chanakya
Chokha Mela
Dayananda
Deshbandhu Chittaranjan Das
Eknath
Fa Hien
Ghanshyamdas Birla
Guru Arjan
Guru Gobind Singh
Guru Har Gobind
Guru Nanak
Guru Tegh Bahadur
Hiuen Tsang
J.R.D Tata
Jagadis Chandra Bose
Jamsetji Tata
Jawaharlal Nehru
Jayaprakash Narayan
Jim Corbett
Jnaneshwar
Kabir
Kalidasa
Lal Bahadur Shastri
Lokmanya Tilak
M. S. Subbulakshmi
Madhvacharya
Mahavira
Marie And Pierre Curie
Megasthenes
Mirabai
Mother Teresa
Narayan Guru
Rabindranath Tagore
Ram Shastri
Ramana Maharshi
Ramanuja
Salim Ali
Shankar Dev
Soordas
Sri. Ramakrishna
Srinivasa Ramanujan
Subramania Bharati
Swami Chinmayananda
Swami Pranavananda
Tales Of Sai Baba
Tansen
Tulsidas
Vidyasagar
Vivekananda
Zarathushtra

INDIAN CLASSICS
Enchanting tales from Indian literature

Ananda Math
Ancestors Of Rama
Devi Choudhurani
Durgesh Nandini
Kadambari
Kannagi
Kapala Kundala
Kumanan
Maarthaanda Varma
Malavika
Manonmani
Prince Jivaka
Raj Singh
Ratnavali
Shakuntala
The Adventures Of Pratapan
The Elusive Kaka
Udayana
Urvashi
Vasantasena
Vasavadatta
Veer Dhaval

FABLES AND HUMOUR
Evergreen folktales, legends and tales of wisdom and humour

A Bag Of Gold Coins
Amrapali
Andher Nagari
Angulimala
Bikal The Terrible
BIRBAL STORIES
Birbal The Clever
Birbal The Genius
Birbal The Just
Birbal The Wise
Birbal The Witty
Birbal To The Rescue
The Inimitable Birbal
Chandralalat
Dhola And Maru
Friends And Foes
Gopal And The Cowherd
Gopal The Jester
HITOPADESHA TALES
Choice Of Friends
How Friends Are Parted
Hothal
JATAKA TALES
Battle Of Wits
Bird Stories
Deer Stories
Elephant Stories
Jackal Stories
Monkey Stories
Nandi Vishala
Stories Of Courage
Stories Of Wisdom
Tales Of Misers
The Deadly Feast
The Giant And The Dwarf
The Hidden Treasure
The Magic Chant
The Mouse Merchant
True Friends
Kanwal And Kehar
Kesari The Flying Thief
King Kusha
Manduka
PANCHATANTRA TALES
Crows And Owls
How The Jackal Ate The Elephant
The Brahmin And The Goat
The Dullard
The Greedy Mother-in-law
The Jackal And The Wardrum
Raman Of Tenali
Raman The Matchless Wit
Sahasramalla
Sakshi Gopal
Satwant Kaur
Sharan Kaur
Shrenik
Sukhu And Dukhu
Sundari
Tales Of Maryada Rama
The Acrobat
The Adventures Of Agad Datta
The Adventures Of Baddu And Chhotu
The Bridegroom's Ring
The Celestial Necklace
The Clever Dancer
The Cowherd Of Alawi
The Fearless Boy
The Fool's Disciples
The Golden Sand
The Green Demon
The Unhappy Tiger
The Learned Pandit
The Lost Prince
The Magic Grove
The Miraculous Conch
The Mystery Of The Missing Gift
The Pandit And The Milkmaid
The Pig And The Dog
The Pious Cat
The Priceless Gem
The Prince And The Magician
The Prophecy
The Queen's Necklace
The Rainbow Prince
The Secret Of The Talking Bird
The Silent Teacher
The Tiger And The Woodpecker
The Tiger Eater
Thugsen
Vidyut Chora
Vikramaditya's Throne

BRAVEHEARTS
Stirring tales of brave men and women of India

A Nation Awakes
Ahilyabai Holkar
Ajatashatru
Akbar
Amar Singh Rathor
Ashoka
Babur
Bagha Jatin
Bajirao I
Baladitya And Yashodharma
Balban
Banda Bahadur
Bappa Rawal
Beni Madho And Pir Ali
Bhagat Singh
Bidhi Chand
Bimbisara
Chand Bibi
Chandra Shekhar Azad
Chandragupta Maurya
Chennamma Of Keladi
Dara Shukho And Aurangazeb
Durgadas
Ellora Caves
Hakka And Bukka
Hari Singh Nalwa
Harsha
Hemu
Humayun
Jahangir
Jallianwala Bagh
Kalpana Chawla
Kochunni
Krishnadeva Raya
Kunwar Singh
Lachit Barphukan
Lalitaditya
Mangal Pande
Noor Jahan
Padmini
Panna And Hadi Rani
Paurava And Alexander
Prithviraj Chauhan
Raja Bhoja
Raja Raja Chola
Rana Kumbha
Rana Pratap
Rana Sanga
Rani Abbakka
Rani Durgavati
Rani Of Jhansi
Ranjit Singh
Rash Bihari Bose
Roopmati
Sambhaji
Samudra Gupta
Sea Route To India
Shah Jahan
Shalivahana
Shantala
Sher Shah
Shivaji
Subhas Chandra Bose
Sultana Razia
Surjya Sen
Tachcholi Othenan
Tales Of Shivaji
Tanaji
Tenzing Norgay
The Historic City Of Delhi
The Rani Of Kittur
Tipu Sultan
Veer Hammir
Veer Savarkar
Velu Thampi
Vikramaditya

CONTEMPORARY CLASSICS
(New Category)
The best of modern Indian literature

The Blue Umbrella

Titles available in English and other Regional languages on www.amarchitrakatha.com

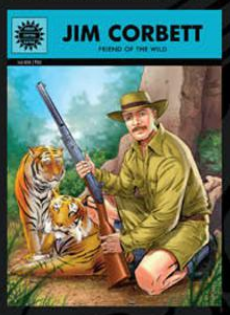
VISIONARIES

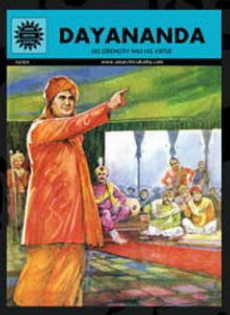
SADHU VASWANI

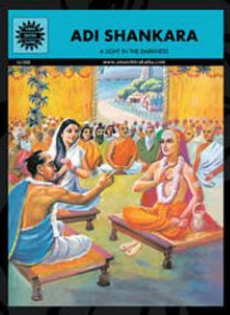
Even as a little boy, Thanvardas Vaswani was deeply affected by the sight of suffering and pain - be it the sight of an animal carcass at a butcher's shop or a poor woman begging on the street. Sadhu T. L. Vaswani is known for the message of love and compassion that he gave to all. To him every form of life was to be nurtured and respected. "Take my head but stop the slaughter," he is known to have said about the killing of animals for food. A close associate of Mahatma Gandhi during the freedom struggle, he later left the arena of politics and concentrated on education and the emancipation of women.

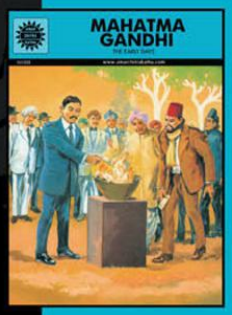
Amar Chitra Katha traces the life of this extraordinary man who is regarded as a saint by his followers.

OTHER ACK VISIONARIES:

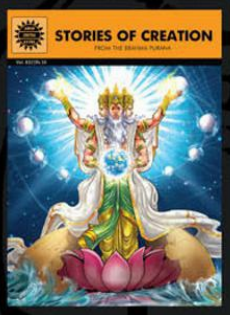




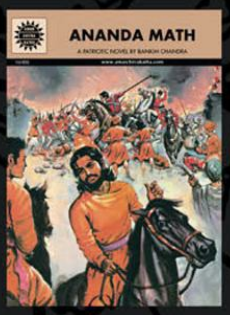




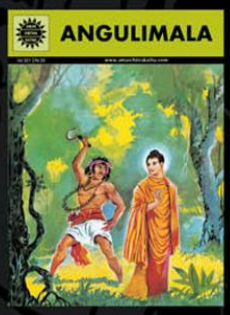
ALSO LOOK FOR:



EPICS & MYTHOLOGY



INDIAN CLASSICS



FABLES & HUMOUR

BRAVEHEARTS

www.ack-media.com

"Amar Chitra Kathas are a glorious tribute to India's rich cultural heritage. These books have been an integral part of my children's early years, as they have been for many other families across India. Comics are a great way of reaching out to children, inculcating reading habits and driving their quest to learn more about our roots."

- NARAYAN MURTHY, CHIEF MENTOR, INFOSYS

ISBN 978-93-5085-083-1

9 789350 850831